



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

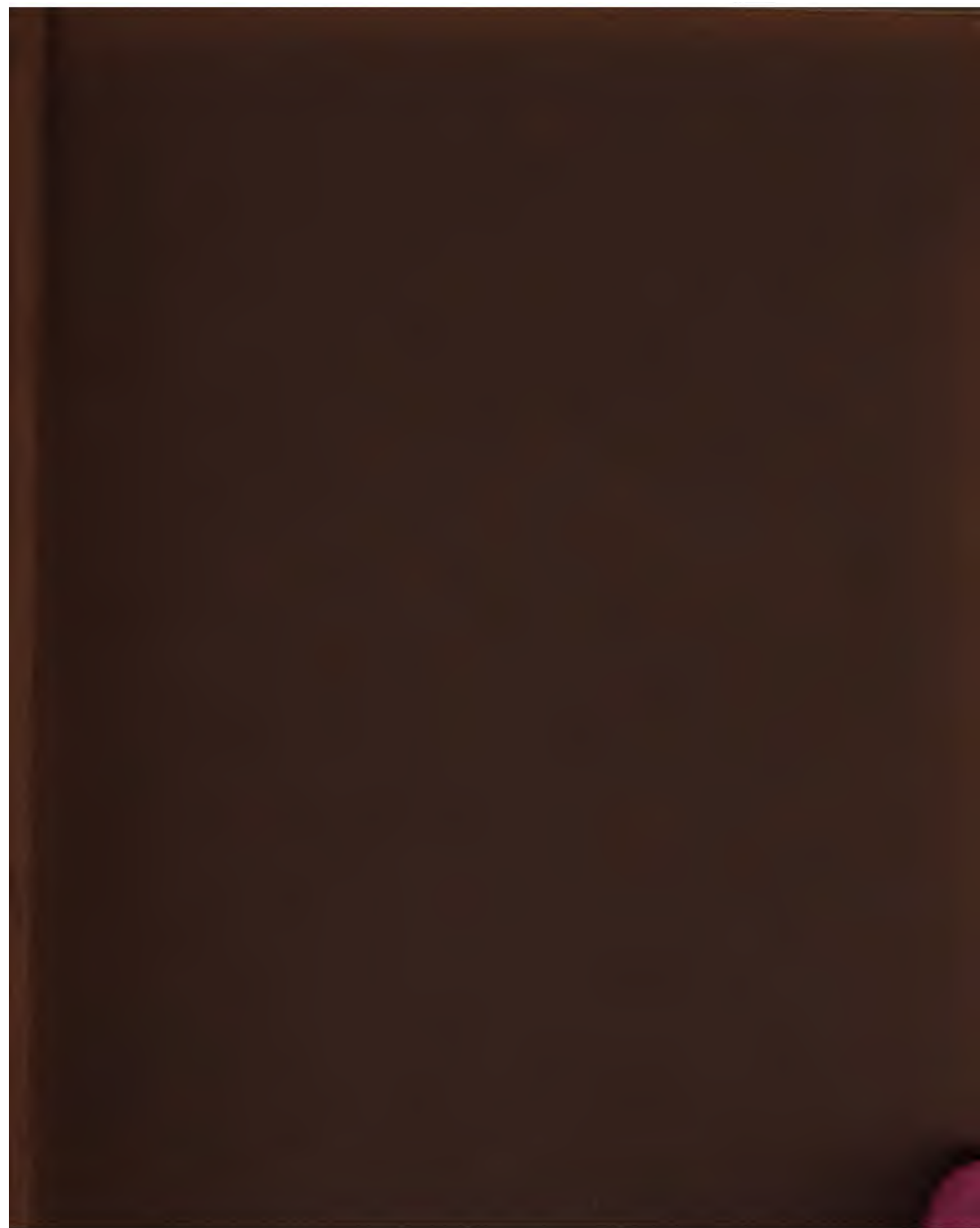
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





600092742U





ISLAND LEAFLETS.

POEMS

BY

CHARLOTTE COWDERY.



LONDON:

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

1871.

200. n. 233.

LONDON: PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
AND PARLIAMENT STREET

P R E F A C E.

MY DEAR MOTHER AND FRIENDS,—A year ago I presented you with my first little volume, I now offer you my warmest thanks for the hearty and generous manner in which you received it. As some of you have remarked that many of my early poems were missing in that collection I have endeavoured to meet your wishes by offering you a Second Edition in a somewhat enlarged form, and with a few additional poems. I cannot express my gratitude on finding that my name once appearing in print should have attracted the notice of many long-lost-sight-of friends, some of whom, indeed, I have not seen since my childhood, and scarcely expected to hear of again. Hoping that my little book with its many imperfections may be as kindly received as its predecessor was, and that should it fall under the eyes of others than those for whom it is more immediately intended, it may be kindly looked upon as the simple effusion of a self-taught orphan.

C. C.

NEWPORT, ISLE OF WIGHT :
April, 1871.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
The Princess Louise and the		The Chamber of Death . . .	38
Marquis of Lorne . . .	1	The Yachtsman's Grave . . .	40
The Dying Soldier . . .	2	The Dying Girl . . .	41
The Widow's Prayer for her		An Acrostic—Charles Cowdery	42
Soldier Boy . . .	4	Sweet Baby, Come . . .	43
The Battle's o'er and My Boy		To a Young Lady on her	
is Saved . . .	5	Wedding Day . . .	44
My Island Home . . .	7	The Blackberry Bough . . .	45
An Acrostic—It is the Lord	8	Shades of Evening . . .	46
Protect our Parting One . . .	10	Another Year . . .	48
Sweet Bride We are Coming .	11	An Acrostic—Weston Farewell	50
The Beautiful Sea . . .	12	On the Death of a Beloved	
I've One True-hearted Friend	13	Father . . .	50
The Milliner's Workroom . .	15	On the Death of a Little Girl	58
Dear Mother, I'm Happy . .	16	Fond Imagination . . .	52
An Acrostic—Forgive My		The Sick Child's Joy . . .	54
Silent Tear . . .	18	On the Death of a Friend . .	56
Parting with My little Charge	19	On the Death of an Infant . .	58
The Happy Servant Girl . . .	20	The Little Gardener . . .	60
An Acrostic—In Mourning		Home to see Mother . . .	61
all alone . . .	23	And Bring me Home a Flower	62
An Acrostic—Harriette Can-		Mother, Rest . . .	63
telo . . .	24	Faint not, Sad Heart . . .	64
The May Bough is Waving . .	25	The Flower Fadeth . . .	65
The Village Shop-girl . . .	26	The Happy Death-bed . . .	67
My Father Calls me Home . .	27	Where's Eva? . . .	69
An Acrostic—Harriet Young	29	The Day when I Trundled my	
Advance, Fair Bride . . .	29	Hoop . . .	71
She Whispereth Good-bye . .	30	The Stable-boy's Grave . . .	72
Acrostic—Still Waters Run		The Little Hymn-book . . .	73
Deep . . .	32	Hush! Mother's Asleep . . .	75
The Stickleback Pond . . .	33	My Father's Smile . . .	76
The Lunatic Restored . . .	34	He Fell but to Rise . . .	78
The Widow's Cap . . .	36	'Jesus saith unto her, Mary'	79
Guardian Angel . . .	38	Silent Breathings . . .	81

	PAGE		PAGE
The Dying Girl—Looking unto Jesus	82	The Home of my Childhood	126
Acrostic—Sleep, gentle Kate	84	The Poplar Tree	128
We'll meet again to-morrow	85	Hush! Father's Asleep	130
The Mother from Home	86	An Acrostic—Robert Carter	131
'Peace be unto thee'	87	Thy Will be Done	131
The Husband alone	88	The Soldier's Grave	133
The Wife away	89	The British Soldier—God de- fend him	135
The Seaside Village	91	The Happy Farmer	137
A Happy New Year	92	An Acrostic—William Langs- ley	138
The Birthday Party	93	The Sick Child's Prayer	139
Thy Son liveth	95	The Wild-flower Cross—writ- ten after arranging crosses of wild flowers on the graves of Mr. and Mrs. Broomfield, late of New- port, Isle of Wight	140
From a Sermon by the Rev. —Montgomery	96	The Long Black Cloak— Friendship in Disguise	142
Many Happy Returns of the Day	97	To a Little Girl on a Bed of Sickness	144
Jesus, spare him	99	The Poplar Tree—On the Death of a Friend	145
Why weepest thou?	100	Though Absent, Ever Dear	147
The Mariner's Grave	101	An Acrostic—Steps to the Throne	149
Dear Mother whispers peace	103	The Exile's Smile	150
The Little Gipsy Girl	104	The Blind Guide	151
The Midnight Sonnet	106	To a Friend bereft on the point of marriage	152
My Sister's Grave	108	The Cottage Invalid	153
Indian Mutiny	110	An Acrostic—Captain Travers	155
To a young lady on her Wed- ding Day	112	The Prisoner's Release	156
The Grave-digger's Tear	113	The Drooping Snowdrop	157
Watching a Child asleep	114	An Acrostic—Sir John Simeon, Bart.	159
The Empty Chair	115	Prince Alexander John Charles Albert	160
Dreaming of Mother	116		
The Happy old Maid	117		
My poor little Motherless Babe	119		
The Orange Blossom	120		
The Battle of Nawabgunge, fought on June 13, 1858	121		
An Acrostic—Welcome Home	123		
On the Death of His Royal Highness the Prince Con- sort	124		

PATRONISED

BY

Arnell, Mrs., Newport, I. W.
Abraham, Mrs. W., Newport
Andrews, Mrs., Carisbrooke, I. W.
Allen, Mrs. J., Carisbrooke
Airs, Mr. John, Newport
Ashwin, Mrs. W., Newport
Av. ling, Miss, Farningham
Ash, Mr. J. W., Newport
Blake, Dr., Taunton
Beckingsale, Mrs. I. E., Newport
Beach, Mr. W., Newport
Ballard, Miss, Blackheath
Burland, Mrs. S. C., Shanklin Par-
sonage
Balaam, Mr. J., Parkhurst
Burbridge, Miss, Maidenhead
Burfoot, Miss E., Cowes, I. W.
Connor, Rev. G. H., Newport
Collins, Mrs., Swanmore
Chambers, Mrs., Bonchurch
Cook, Mrs. F., Newport
Cooper, Mrs. J., Newport
Cantelo, Mrs. G., Newport
Cantelo, Mr. F., Newport
Collins, Mrs. W., Newport
Crews, Miss, Newport
Crews, Mr. J., Newport
Cantelo, Mrs. C. T., Newport
Cowdery, Mr. F., Newport
Cowdery, Mrs. W., Newport
Cox, Miss, Brighton
Durben, Rev. W., Newport, I. W.
Dabbs, Mrs., Newport
Dabbs, Dr. G. R., Newport
Dyer, Mrs. W., Newport
Dashwood, Mrs., Newport

Davidge, Miss, Newport
Dore, Mrs. C., Newport
Dunn, Miss, Ryde, I. W.
Elkins, Mrs., Parkhurst
Elkins, Mrs. T., Newport
Eldridge, Mrs. Jas., Newport
Filmer, Miss, Yarmouth
Falkner, Capt. E. N.
Falkner, Mrs.
Flux, Mrs. Chas., Newport
Flux, Mrs. J., Northwood
Goodwin, Mrs., Bonchurch
Graham, Mrs. Maj., Staplers
Gattrells, Miss, Swanmore
George, Mrs. Jas., Newport
Gardner, Mrs., Newport
Graham, Capt., Northwood
Green, Mr. T. Jun., Newport
Griffiths, Mrs. W., Yarmouth, I. W.
Griffiths, Mr. J., Yarmouth, I. W.
Griffiths, Miss, Yarmouth, I. W.
Gilbert, Miss, Clapham
Hollings, Rev. R., Shide
How, Miss, Carisbrooke
Hilliar, Mr. W., Chester
Hardy, Mrs., Newport
Hellier, Mr., Carisbrooke
Hobbs, Miss C., Swanmore
Hayward, Miss, Swanmore
Jones, Mrs. J., Northwood
Johnson, H. Stuart, Esq., Parkhurst
James, Rev. E. B., Carisbrooke
King, W. T., Esq., Ryde
Kirkpatrick, Miss, Shide, I. W.
Karr, Mrs., Ryde, I. W.
Lloyd, Mr. F. J., Ryde

PATRONISED BY

Loader, Mr. C. G., Ryde	Spickernell, J., Esq., Carisbrooke
Love, Miss, Yarmouth, I. W.	Spickernell, W., Esq., Carisbrooke
Mitchell, Mrs. Dr., Carisbrooke	Stratton, F., Esq., Newport
Morley, Miss, Newport	Stratton, Mrs. W., Newport
Midlane, Mr. A., Newport	Steele, Mrs., Newport
Moorey, Miss E. J., Newport	Skinner, Capt. G. C. M., Carisbrooke
Masters, Miss C., Newport	Strickland, Hy., Esq., Parkhurst
Moon, Mr. W. E., West Cowes, I. W.	Seaman, Rev. S., Northwood
Meador, Mr. J., Sen., Ryde	Sibley, Mr., Northwood
Meador, Mr. J., Jun., Ryde	Trew, Mrs., Parkhurst
Meador, Miss, Ryde	Tucker, Miss, Newport
Moody, Mrs. J., Frome	Tattnell, Mrs. Maj., Ryde
Nutter, Rev. W. H., Newport	Tosdivine, Miss E., Swanmore
Noott, Major, Parkhurst	Turner, Mr. J., Parkhurst
Orchard, Miss, Arretton, I. W.	Turner, Mrs., Southsea
Pinhorn, Miss, Newport	Urry, Mrs. D., Ryde
Parsons, Mrs., Parkhurst	Urry, Mrs. W., Ryde
Parrott, Mr. J. W. W., Clapham	Vallings, Mrs., Ryde
Payne, Miss, Hammersmith	Vulliamy, F. Esq., Carisbrooke
Pittis, Mrs. F., Newport	Vincent, Mrs., Carisbrooke
Pollard, Miss, Mount Pleasant	Wallace, Mrs. A., Newport
Roome, Hy., Esq., M.D., Parkhurst	Walton, Miss, Brighton
Roach, Mrs. J., Newport	Waterworth, Mrs. T. H., Newport
Roach, Miss, Newport	Way, W. C., Esq., Newport
Roach, W., Esq., Shide	Wood, Mrs. W., Parkhurst
Redstone, Mrs. W., Carisbrooke	Wadham, Mrs. W., Parkhurst
Rainbird, Miss, Romsey	Williams, Mrs., Parkhurst
Redknap, Rev. W. H., Ryde	Way, Mrs. J., Northwood
Redstone, Mrs. R., Newport	Witters, Miss, Newport
Ralph, Miss, Northwood, I. W.	Watt, Mrs. C., Carisbrooke
Reynolds, Mr. R., Newport	Weeks, Mr. F., Newport
Sabra, Gallo, Mr., Swanmore	Weeks, Mr. W., Newport
Sanders, Mrs., Newport	Weeks, Miss R., Newport
Sharpe, Mrs., Mount Pleasant	Wavell, Mrs. R. M., Newport
Simmonds, Mrs., Parkhurst	Wix, Rev. Hooker, Ryde
Sewell, Miss E., Bonchurch	Wix, Mrs. E., Ryde
Spanner, Mrs. W., Ryde	Watkins, Miss R., Ryde
Spear, Rev. J., Ryde	Wadham, R., Esq., Ryde
Shirlaw, Mr. T., Parkhurst	Woodward, J., Esq., Rookley
Seager, Mrs., Whippingham	Woodward, Mr. W. J., Newport
Smith, Mrs. Dr., Staplers	Woodward, Mr. W., Newport
Smith, Mrs. J., Swanmore	Wray, Mrs. C., Newport
Scott, Col. P., Newport	Yredwoc, Mr. Chas., Chatham
Salter, Miss A., Newport	Yredwoc, Mr. R. J., Aldershott
Stephens, Mrs. W., Newport	

ISLAND LEAFLETS.

*THE PRINCESS LOUISE
AND THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.*

AN ACROSTIC.

God, bless them both ! Be Thou their guardian friend,
Onward through life may love their union blend ;
Defend, protect, preserve, and guide them to the end.

Beneath Thy tender eye and watchful care,
Long may they live each other's love to share ;
Entwining round their path may roses bloom,
Sorrow ne'er having power to cast a gloom ;
Sunbeam of gladness ! all their way illumine.

Twine Thou the wreath upon her royal brow,
Hold him beneath Thine arm who seeks her now ;
Endear them day by day, hold Thou the sacred tie ;
Mould Thou their hearts in one, Oh God most high.

Behold them now. Oh Father, while they kneel
On hallowed ground, to them Thyself reveal.
Tend Thou the marriage feast and guard their troth,
Honour'd and loved, and sanctified—God, bless them both !

B

THE DYING SOLDIER.

THE HORRORS OF WAR: ALL FOR GLORY.

THEY say 'tis all for glory ! that the bloody sword must wield,
And clash, and cut them down upon the thirsty battlefield ;
They say 'tis all for glory ! that the horrors of the war
Must ring upon the nations, and spread its fame afar ;
They say 'tis all for glory ! that the helmet and the shield
Must daringly come forward, and the innocent must yield.
Hush ! what is this sad sound that steals ? I catch the
piteous moan—

Midst mutilated limbs I hear the dying soldier's groan ;
I gaze upon his wasted form, yet catch that soft blue eye
That whispers ' I'm a warrior, and all for glory die.
I bravely face the slaughter can I leave a gallant name ;
I fall, 'tis for my country, all for glory, all for fame.'
Ah ! now, perchance, another sound comes falling on mine ear ;
I listen while I turn around to wipe my falling tear :
The dying soldier asks me, ' Is my cottage overthrown ?
My wife and children, where are they ? ' is mingled with his
groan.

' Oh, where's my mother,' cries the youth, ' and father ? bid
them cheer,
And tell them from their boy 'tis all for glory I am here.
My brothers, sisters, too, at home, they wait to hear the story ;
Then tell them how I nobly bore it all for glory, glory.

And bid them wave the laurel o'er me when they yet shall
stand—

Aye, when the Prussian soldier and the Frenchman, hand in
hand,

Shall talk the battle over, and shall eagerly relate
The story of the bloody swamp, the dying soldier's fate ;
And tell of crowded hospitals where sisters of the cross,
With womanly devotion count their own lives but as dross,
So they may 'suage the suffering, or wipe the sweaty brow
That dreameth still of Spicheren, and Metz, and Sedan, now ;
Of plucky Strasburg, Sarbruck, Woerth, M'Mahon's shot and
shell,

With Froissart's, Carignon, Gravelotte, Beaumont, all for
glory fell.

Of Emperors that yield them up, and prisoners give in,
Of Kings and Princes braving all the victory to win.
Of Garibaldi's turning back, they hie them home again,
Nor linger on the battlefield, nor mingle with the slain.'
O when will swords be ploughshares, and when will battles
cease ?

O when will wars be over and all the world be peace ?
O come thou mighty Conqueror and soften every breast
That panteth but with blood-thirst, and give the weary rest.
Look on the dying soldier, and by Thy love and power
Dispel the horrors of the war and cheer his latest hour ;
And whisper in death's valley, ' 'Tis over, all is done ;
'Tis all for glory, glory ; take thy crown, thy victory's won.'

THE WIDOW'S PRAYER FOR HER SOLDIER BOY.

THOUGH in a foreign foreign land, away from home, sweet home,
My soldier boy is travelling, the wide wide world to roam ;
Yet is there nothing, nothing left, to cheer his mother's heart ?
A stifled sigh, a falling tear, saith ' Must we, must we part ? '
For ever, my boy.

Across the ocean while you sail I'll ever think of thee,
My own, my youngest darling boy, so rudely torn from me.
But ah, I'll cheer midst fear and tear, for thus I'll always pray
Right earnestly, right heartily, at night and every day,
' God bless my boy.'

Oh Lord, my God, protect, preserve, and guide my loved one
now,
Be with him there and fight for him, and nobly help him
through ;
Safe in Thy keeping he may be, oh bow thy gracious ear,
His sword, his shield, his guardian be ; Lord hear a widow's
prayer—

' God bless my boy.'

My boy, my fond, my well-loved boy, is safe if Thou wilt keep,
Midst every fear and danger, there if only Thou wilt meet ;
Yes, meet him day by day, Oh Lord, with this Thy gracious
aid,
Beneath the covert of Thy wings he's safe beneath Thy shade.
God bless my boy.

Oh now I think I hear a voice, a sweetly welcome voice,
That seems to chase my every fear, and bid my heart rejoice.
I fondly gaze, I wait awhile, oh now I hear it say,
'The heart that trusts, the soul that clings, I will not thrust
away—

I'll bless thy boy.'

My boy, my boy, my soldier boy ; oh look, yes look to Him,
Far o'er the wide wide world when there your every trial bring;
'Tis He alone can safely keep thee on that distant shore,
Good-bye, my brave brave soldier boy, yet hear me say once
more,

' God bless my boy.'

THE BATTLE'S O'ER AND MY BOY IS SAVED.

THE Lord be praised, the Lord be praised! And can it, can it be,
The battle's o'er, the battle's o'er, and thou art spared to me?
My darling, ah my well-loved boy, a soldier's life that craved,
Has handled there the bloody sword, and through the battle
braved.

My boy is saved.

The Lord be praised, the Lord be praised ! my soul His good-
ness bless,

The widow's heart is bounding now, and nothing can depress ;
Yet if perchance there glideth still a soft unbidden tear,
'Tis not the tear of agony ; the tear of joy is here.

My boy is saved.

The Lord be praised, the Lord be praised ! Oh I remember well
The news I waited eagerly ; my panting heart did swell.
My throbbing breast, my throbbing breast, its every hope
seemed crush'd,
But now, oh now, the battle's o'er, and once more all is hush'd.
My boy is saved.

The Lord be praised, the Lord be praised ! who heard my
lonely call,
When day by day I cried to Him within my cottage wall ;
Who soothed my sorrow, checked my fear through lonely
nights and days.
Who answeredst the widow's prayer, accept the widow's praise.
My boy is saved.

The Lord be praised, the Lord be praised ! who heard my cry
at last.
My faltering tongue had almost said His mercy's overpast ;
My footstep seemed to totter on the margin of my grave,
But now, oh now, the victory ! see, see his banner wave !
My boy is saved.

The Lord be praised, the Lord be praised ! once more, once
more, give ear,
My Father, Saviour, God, and King, my darling be Thou near ;
And teach him now his youthful heart to Thee, his God, to
raise,
And listen while in distant lands we join to tell Thy praise.
My boy is saved.

MY ISLAND HOME.

LAND of my birth, fair island of the sea,
Welcome shall thy sonnet be for evermore to me;
Midst every nook and crook in life, wherever I may roam,
The sweetest of them all shall be my happy island home.

Land of my birth, from thee my parting may be long,
Yet not a spot on earth but shall draw from me a song;
And I'll tell to all around me, with gay and happy tone,
My tripping light and merrily my happy island home.

Land of my birth, I'll fame thee far and wide;
Dearest spot of childhood, gay banner of my pride,
Unfurl to me thy beauty, still wave to me thy foam,
Be still the aim of fancy, my lovely island home.

Land of my birth, oh pluck me yet a flower,
Fling to me a garland from yonder rosy bower;
The hill, the dell, the mossy bank, where are thy shadows
 flown?
That hid me there beneath thy shade, my sunny island home.

Land of my birth, I hail the happy day,
And oft my silent musings shall gaily dance away;
While dreams of joyous freedom shall claim thee still my own,
Sunbeam of my fatherland, my garden island home.

Land of my birth, my flag of fancy waves,
 The brilliant and the beautiful it battles and it braves;
 Three cheers for England's garden ! in all my busy roam,
 My sweetest spot on earth shall be, my happy island home.

AN ACROSTIC.

'It is the Lord ; let Him do what seemeth Him good.'

It is the Lord. My trembling soul, be still ;
 To His Almighty hand give way ; bow to His sovereign will.

In deep distress 'tis His to lull and soothe the aching heart ;
 Sweet sympathy, bereav'd one, now He waiteth to impart.

The Lord is ready, ever ready ; hush ! soft music flows ;
 Her happy spirit's only gone to rest in sweet repose,
 E'en there, where seraph sisters are and no more parting knows.

Lord, bow thine ear, and help me bear the Cross and kiss the
 rod ;

Oh lend Thine aid, extend Thine arm, to me, my Saviour God ;
 Rule Thou my way ; 'tis well, I know, for surely Thou hast said,
 'Death hath no more dominion ; weep not, she is not dead.'

Let be, she is not dead, our sister's only sleeping,
 Enveloped in tranquillity ; then why should we be weeping ?
 The Lord will do what seemeth good ; she's safe beneath His
 keeping.

He surely knows what's best for us, then why despond or fear ?
In his Almighty love we rest ; He'll wipe away the tear
Moved by Compassion's eye, for ' Jesus wept ' shall cheer.

Did ever mourner come to Him in vain,
Or He refuse, reject the suppliant's strain ?

' Weep not,' methinks I hear a still small voice ;
Hark to its grand sublimity ; it whispereth ' Rejoice,'
And let thy stricken voice be lifted up in prayer ;
'Tis well ; the tomb hath no dominion ; nay, she is not there.

She's far, aye far beyond its precincts ; see,
Enrobed in spotless white, a bright eternity
Enshrines her now ; her brow is wrapt in smiles,
Mingled with ransom'd ones no cloud beguiles ;
Entranced she meekly waits, though gloriously,
The messenger perchance ere long to welcome thee ;
How blessed, how divinely sweet, shall then that meeting be.

Holy, thrice holy, hark ! the sound comes bursting now,
In all its richest beauty, murmuring round thy wond'ring
brow :

' Mourner, look up, look up ! the light is breaking through.'

Good ? yes, God is good, I'll trust Him still ;
On through the path, the rugged path, I'll follow to His will ;
Over the lonely desert road, in faith and hope I'll plod,
Depending on Thy word ; 'tis good, 'tis good, my Saviour God.

PROTECT OUR PARTING ONE.

Oh God protect our parting one,
And lead him safely on ;
His eager step is wont to roam—
Protect our parting one.

Be Thou his guide, be Thou his stay,
And bid him safely run ;
Oh Lord, our God, we humbly pray—
Protect our parting one.

And bid him on a foreign shore
Still think of home, sweet home,
And those who pray Thee o'er and o'er—
Protect our parting one.

And guide his heart and ours, oh there,
Where parting all has done ;
And Jesus, Saviour, hear this prayer—
Protect our parting one.

And tie a stronger, stouter cord,
Then e'er Thou yet hast done,
So neither lands, nor sea, nor sword,
Could loose our parting one.

Oh Father, Saviour, guide him there,
Companion with him run ;
We'll bless Thee Thou hast heard this prayer—
Protect our parting one.

SWEET BRIDE, WE ARE COMING.

Sweet bride, we are coming with cheers for thee now
And bearing the wreath that must hang on thy brow ;
Fond eyes they are watching thee, waiting to hail
The news of the wedding ; so welcome the tale.

Sweet bride, we are coming, aye coming with flowers,
To deck thee about from our loveliest bowers ;
And see the gay robe that is waiting to be
The covering now, sweet bride, for thee.

Sweet bride, we are coming ; all hail to the morn ;
We rally around thee at earliest dawn ;
While smiles they are waving and welcoming gay
The sonnet that haileth thee, queen of the day.

Sweet bride, we are coming ; hark ! gaily the wheel
Comes dashing along amidst the old peal
That merrily ringeth and chimes through the air ;
Success be the joy of the bridal pair !

Sweet bride, we are coming ; hush ! one other tread,
He waiteth for thee at the altar to wed.
' God bless them both ' be the hearty tide
That we wave over him and our sweet, sweet bride.

THE BEAUTIFUL SEA.

Oh the beautiful, beautiful sea,
Where the waves ride gloriously,
And the silvery spray comes dashing away
Through the noiseless night and the smiling day ;
The bravest, the fairest, the truest to me,
My heart will I hide in the beautiful sea.

Oh the beautiful, beautiful sea,
It floateth a whisper to me ;
Through the ebbing tide of its bosom wide,
The smile of applause or the gentle chide,
Hid deep in my heart shall the small voice be,
That floateth to me from the beautiful sea.

Oh the beautiful, beautiful sea,
Where the proud ship gallantly
The wave doth play while it seemeth to say
' I fear no foe nor the storm's o'erthrow ; '
For long have I deeply anchored on thee,
And I'll trust thee for ever, thou beautiful sea.

Oh the beautiful, beautiful sea,
Where the pebbly beach doth glee,
And the sporting weed from its fathom freed,
Comes dancing to shore like a breathless steed,
And gracefully beckons a smile to thee,
The home of its hiding-place, beautiful sea !

Oh the beautiful, beautiful sea,
Roll on in thy majesty ;
Long may we hail thy wondrous tale,
'Mid the calm, calm still, or the mighty gale ;
Unfurl we the banner and wave over thee,
And love thee for ever, thou beautiful sea.

I'VE ONE TRUE-HEARTED FRIEND.

SWEET solace of my solitude,
How fondly I defend
The thought, in all my wanderings,
I've one true-hearted friend.

Though all the world should me deride,
And vexing thoughts impend,
'Tis sweet to know, what e'er betide,
I've one true-hearted friend.

Tho' lands and distance stretch between,
Or seas their waves extend,
'Tis sweet to feel, 'mid every scene,
I've one true-hearted friend.

No distance but my heart shall cling,
And fancy's footsteps wend
'Mid every cross I'll smile and sing
'I've one true-hearted friend.'

Through all the wanderings of my life,
A voice shall still contend—
'Spite every barrier, every strife,
I've one true-hearted friend.'

Should sadness, hovering round awhile,
My spirit daunt and bend,
Oh surely then I yet will smile—
I've one true-hearted friend.

Then while around me still I gaze,
A whisper must commend—
'May I but tread life's winding maze,
With one true-hearted friend.'

And ah, methinks life's latest breath
Shall lovingly ascend—
May I but close my eyes in death
With one true-hearted friend.

THE MILLINER'S WORKROOM.

Do you ask for a line on the workroom, eh?
Where needles and fingers are plying away.
Well, how to begin it I scarce can tell,
And yet on the workroom I love to dwell.
For busily stitching, yet merrily we
Would be telling a story, or singing a glee.
I've heard of the laugh, and I've heard of the joy
That can follow the plough and the farmer's boy,
And the rustic note of the poor old man
That toddles along with his milking-can;
And the cheery smile of the dear old dame,
While she telleth the tale of her girlhood's game;
Or grandmother, there, at her washing-tub,
She merrily seemeth to soap and to rub;
And even the little maid scrubbing her floor,
And the postman knocking at every door,
And the little ones spelling their A, B, C,
But the milliner's workroom, oh dear me!
I'm puzzled to know, but stop, to begin,
I surely can tell of the clatter and din
Of the sewing machine while it spinneth along
And seemeth to chorus the milliner's song,
While bonnets and caps of a fanciful style
Her handiwork, maketh the milliner smile:

Good humour can shine like a welcome guest,
And happiness reign in a milliner's breast.
I see the gay bird soaring oh so high
That it seemeth to reach the bright blue sky ;
I follow the trace of its beautiful wing
Till my soul bursts out and beginneth to sing.
I turn to the workroom yet again,
And it follows me back, this curious strain :
Would they tell me the workroom is dreary and dry,
With nothing but stitch and the needle to ply ?
Ah nay, for I've listened to many a tale
And many a scrap for a poet to hail.
I've learnt in the milliner's workroom this :
In the middle of clatter, and chatter, and stitch—
True happiness lays in a tranquil mind
At peace with itself and with all mankind.

DEAR MOTHER I'M HAPPY, DON'T FEAR.

DEAR Mother don't fear though the wild waves roar,
I'm happy, there needs not a tear,
Tho' darkness may threaten, and mist o'er thee pour,
Dear mother I'm happy, don't fear.

Dear mother I'm happy, don't fear, I'm at peace;
Don't you know that my Saviour hath bled?
And he waiteth my spirit just now to release,
And he beareth my burden instead.

Dear mother don't fear, for He whispereth, Come,
Believe me He beckons me on,
While He smiles and He shows me my future bright home,
And He makes me but long to be gone.

Dear mother don't fear, I've wandered and roamed,
But my Shepherd hath followed my track,
And though through the mire I've wallowed and foamed,
He hath found me and bringeth me back.

Dear mother don't fear, why sad and why sigh,
Why dim now the hope of thy boy,
That whispers, dear mother, tis sweet now to die
And to enter my transport and joy.

Dear mother don't fear, the willow may weep
In emblem of sorrow's sad tear,
But mother look up and I'll throw thee a peep,
Dear mother I'm happy, don't fear.

AN ACROSTIC.

FORGIVE my silent tear, dear mother, while I bend me o'er
the sod,
Oh sweet it is to feel that thou art safe at home with God.
Rivers of waters could they flow, 'twere not I'd bring thee
back again,
Go fare thee well, my mother dear, for ever free from pain.
In that delightful land I know thou art where all the
ransom'd dwell.
Vain, vain, to call thee back again; thy triumph, who can tell?
Eternity bursts gloriously for thee beyond the funeral knell.

My silent tear, dear mother, o'er thee is not hopeless grief;
Yonder, methinks, thy grave affords me quiet and relief.

Silent I love to wander forth, and then to linger there,
In all thy peaceful quietude a little while to share.
Love binds me to that hallow'd spot, unburdens there my
breast;
Emancipates my silent grief with 'Mother's sweet at rest.'
Now softly rising o'er the sod some gentle whisper seems to
cheer,
'Tis this—it tells thou dost forgive my soft and silent tear.

Teardrops are but the dewy gems that sparkle o'er the turf,
Enchanted with the sun's bright ray dispels the mist that
 hovers o'er the earth ;
An emblem of the ray of light that seems my faltering heart
 to cheer ;
Rest, dearest mother, fare thee well; and yet forgive my
 silent tear.

PARTING WITH MY LITTLE CHARGE.

SWEETEST babe, so soon to part,
Once more I press thee to my heart;
Sweetest babe, God cherish thee,
And defend fond memory.

Sweetest babe, a little while
I have cheered beneath thy smile;
Now doth change's curtain's shroud
Hide my babe behind a cloud.

Sweetest babe, some deadly blow
Seemed my soul to overthrow;
Now some magic seems to tell
And to whisper, 'All is well.'

Sweetest babe, a tearful eye
For a while came straggling by,
But some hidden hand doth trace
Sorrow's gloom and wipe my face.

Sweetest babe, tis like a dream
Visioning some fairy scheme.
Will the hours of darkness glide,
Leaving me my babe beside ?

Sweetest babe, not so, not so,
Onward, onward, I must go ;
Once more to my bosom press,
Once more hear me say ' God Bless.'

Sweetest babe, God bless thee now,
Be thy guide and guardian through,
Keep thee ever 'neath his eye—
Sweetest babe, good-bye, good-bye.

THE HAPPY SERVANT GIRL.

HER heart's at ease, her mind's at rest,
Unburdened, free from care,
Her work is hard, yet light her breast,
And calm composure's there.

The Queen upon her throne hath cares,
For all her country round,
While on her brow a crown she wears,
Her heart is often bound.

Yes bound, she knows not how to stir,
To do the thing that's best.
O! not for gold would I be her,
If I could try the test.

The rich man too is often worn,
I see him shake his head,
And say 'I know not where to turn,'
I'm sure his cares I'd dread.

The servant girl, her joy what worth,
For oh her bosom's light,
And she can sing with cheerful mirth,
For all around is bright.

Her lowest drudgery can prove
A life of perfect ease,
Her bosom burns brimful of love,
All all around to please.

As she proceeds all through the day,
To do the task she's given,
Her simple thoughts can often pray,
'Prepare me, Lord, for heaven.'

E'en when she brushes up her stove,
And sees her labour shine,
Her simple thoughts can often rove,
'Lord brighten and make me thine.'

And when she sweeps and frees from dust
Her chambers, she can raise,
'My God will cleanse my heart I trust,
And make it meet for praise.'

And if her lot be placed among
Some little children, then,
'Lord be thou with this little throng,'
Her thoughts can soar again.

And if she take them out to walk,
In evening's gentle gale,
'Tis then she loves and loves to talk,
And tell some pretty tale.

Then, on her peaceful quiet bed,
Quite free from toil and care,
Her Shepherd's bosom rests her head,
And sweet she nestles there.

AN ACROSTIC.

In mourning all alone, see in pensive mood she wends,
No loved companion by her side, but deep in silent thought
she bends.

Mourning in secret, stealthily her lonely footsteps stray,
On to the sacred hillock see she wandereth away ;
Uplifting now her silent heart, unburdens there her breast,
Raising the stifled solace, still she's only sweet at rest.
Nought must recall her—' Nay lov'd companion, but I'll linger
there,

In fond affection o'er thy grave I'll breathe in fervent prayer,
None to molest me but I'll fancy thou art peeping,
Giving me a soothing word while o'er thee I am weeping.

' All alone ! hush ! surely, nay methinks I am not all alone,
Long though I've loved thee, yet thy dear departed tone,
Lovingly, but draws me where my heavenly bird hath flown.

' Alone, ah ! nay be still, my fluttering throbbing heart,'
Loudly I hear her say ; ' oh sweet it is a little while to part.
On to the city of our God, sweet seraphs wait my ransomed
soul to bear ;
Now saints are waving me their crosses, bidding me to share,
Enter they whisper, Follow me, my sweet companion there.

AN ACROSTIC.

How sweet she sleeps ! quite free from agitation now,
And cares ; oppression no more wrinkles there her peaceful
brow ;
Righted she meekly waits, and gloriously
Resting awhile still beckoning a look to thee,
In sweet composure see the beauteous smile,
Endearing thee more closely round her grave the while,
Teardrops perchance the grassy plot will steep.
'Tis well ; 'tis only separation bids thee weep.
Enveloped there she whispereth I've only gone to sleep.

Couldst thou disturb me ? Wouldst thou bring me back again,
And see me battling in the strife ? My then distracted brain
Now rests in sweet tranquillity where all is quiet calm.
Twined round my narrow resting-place, see Gilead's beauteous
balm
Encircles me. Then wouldst thou bring me back, sweet sister,
say ?
Lo watching seraphs should but whisper surely nay.
Onward, aye onward, bear me up and wing my soul away.

THE MAY BOUGH IS WAVING.

THE may bough is waving, so merrily we
Must ramble away to the woodland and lea;
All nature is smiling and bids us be gay,
While sweetly she whispereth, Hie thee away.

The may bough is waving, then could we be sad
When the soft wind is laughing and bids us be glad?
No, not while a sweet voice in high extasy,
Is bidding us welcome beneath the may tree.

The may bough is waving, the fair little child
Is sporting about so free and so wild,
And looking around me, I see him, Ah! there!
The greyheaded grandfather in his arm chair.

The may bough is waving far over the hill,
While the daisy and buttercup play by the rill,
And the mossy bank spangled, sings let us be gay,
And merrily dance 'neath the blossom of may.

The may bough is waving, the gay village green
Lit up with a sunbeam she welcomes her queen;
And hush! in the distance, so soft and so clear,
While gently it bursteth, sweet music I hear.

The may bough is waving, how soft is the breeze
That plays in the morning and danceth the trees;
Oh ! surely it tells of a holiday gay,
To be merrily spent 'neath the bough of the may.

THE VILLAGE SHOP-GIRL.

OH ! so cheery is her footstep and so merry is her pace,
While she trippeth to and fro with a smile upon her face,
Amidst the early warble that gaily floats the air,
The happy village shop-girl, her morning song is clear.

She glides along so peacefully, her bosom bears a glow,
Oh ! could the crowded city one-half her freedom know.
No street bedizened well with black, no hubbub she must pass,
But she can sing her sonnet o'er the daisy-spangled grass.

Then next when busy at her post, she skippeth up and down,
Yes, up and down the counter, blithe as any girl in town.
Bedecking now the window too, so tastefully and gay,
That, search the village where you will, 'tis this that bears the
 sway.

Cheer we the village shop-girl, then hurrah ! her bonnie brow
Shall wear the wreath of roses, and of laurels waving too,
For when the busy day is done 'tis she can climb the lea,
And warble out her rustic song, A village life for me.

MY FATHER CALLS ME HOME.

ONWARD, on to the land of love,
I cannot, cannot stay,
Hark ! 'tis a gentle voice above
That bids me come away.
My weary journey now must cease,
With all my languid roam,
How sweetly now there whispers, peace,
My Father calls me home.

Above the clouds I go, I go,
Good-bye, there's not a tear,
For he hath wiped them all, you know,
And chased my every fear.
Come, speed my way and wing me on,
For oh ! I long to be
Safe in my happy, happy home,
My Father, there with thee.

Oh ! gentle Shepherd, nestle me,
And lead me by the stream,
Where peaceful waters ever flow
Beside thy pastures green ;
Oh ! save thy weak and feeble sheep,
And let me hear thy voice,
And guide me o'er the billows deep,
And bid me still rejoice.

Come, gentle messenger, how long,
Why tarry and delay ?
I long to raise my joyful song :
My sins are washed away.
I know my Saviour bled and died
That sinners might be free ;
In this alone do I confide—
I know He died for me.

My youthful path hath oft been set
With many and many a snare,
And many a faltering tottering step
Would fain have kept me there.
But now my Father folds his arms
Around my throbbing breast,
With many a cheer he welcomes me,
And bids me come and rest.

Yes, come and rest thy weary head—
See, see, thy home prepared,
The softest down shall be thy bed,
By all the ransomed shared.
Hush ! hark ! he comes ! he comes !
Good-bye to all my roam,
A heavenly whisper beckons me,
My Father calls me home.

AN ACROSTIC.

HARK ! the funeral knell is tolling,
And there steals a silent gloom
Round where gladsome sunshine rolling,
Raised the heart, reveals the tomb,
In the bosom lightly throbbing,
E'en its joy is wrapt in sobbing,
Touched with blight, 'tis gone !

Youth in all its beauty blooming
O'er a cloudless joyous heart,
Underneath the canker grouping,
Nips, and to the twig must part,
Gone, gone, ah ! where ?

ADVANCE, FAIR BRIDE.

ADVANCE, fair bride, for the morning breaks,
And the warbler floats, and the songster wakes,
And nature is decked in her gayest sheen,
And she waveth a smile to her bridal queen.

Advance, fair bride, for lovingly now
Fond eyes are watching thy youthful brow,
And flow'rets laugh as they wave aside,
While they wait for the tread of our fair young bride.

Advance, fair bride, to the merry peal
That welcomes the sound of the chariot wheel,
Thy timid brow and thy faint heart cheer,
'Tis the wedding day, and the bridegroom's near.

Advance, fair bride, to the joyous throng
That swelleth the tone of the bridal song,
And hark to the music that echoes the air,
All hail to the joy of the bridal pair.

Advance, fair bride, for he eagerly waits
With an anxious eye at the hymen gates,
And he resteth there, while softly see
He waveth a heart, sweet bride, for thee.

Advance, fair bride, for he proudly stands,
While he fondly dreams of the nuptial bands;
Yet once more hark to our lusty tide,
Success to him now with his fair young bride.

SHE WHISPERETH GOOD-BYE.

FAREWELL, dear friend, I hear a sound
That bids me now farewell,
And like a dream that swiftly sped,
The past it seems to tell.

I gaze around all wondering,
So short has been the tie,
Yet still I hear the echo float—
She whispereth Good-bye.

Farewell, dear friend, the happy past
Shall leave a memory still,
And in my heart a vacant place
For thee alone to fill.
I'll fondly leave a place for thee,
And this, ah this! is why—
I'll fancy I can hear her voice
Who whispereth Good-bye.

Farewell, dear friend, may blessings 'tend
Thy future pathway now,
And may the dew of heaven descend
Upon thy youthful brow.
And oh! believe me, I will often
Fancy thou art nigh,
And dream that I am with thee still—
Who whispereth Good-bye.

Farewell, dear friend, God bless thee now
And be thy future stay,
Defend the link of friendship, tho'
Far and far away.

And listen while I once more claim,
'Mid every smile or sigh,
A place within the heart of her
Who whispereth Good-bye.

ACROSTIC.

STILL WATERS RUN DEEP.

STILL waters run deep, softly hid beneath the hill,
Towering down its lofty height, there runs the rippling rill,
Its rapid torrent seems majestic in its stately rush,
Loudly, proudly, nobly shouting in its mighty gush,
Low beneath its sheltered basis, wrapt in quiet hush.

Waters deep are softly hiding, sheltered in the glade,
And how cool is their refreshing in the summer shade.
Triumphing the poppy stands on yonder lofty hill,
Even laughing daringly on yonder lowly dell,
Round its borders where the scented violet doth hide,
Snugly sheltered from the storm, and from the swelling tide.

Run, ye beauteous waters, run, and rest in quiet, sweet repose,
Under the mighty mirror, where its soothing murmur flows,
Nor deem thy hiding-place too lonely for the voice that throws.

Deep from its cavern recess, hush, there whispereth so still,
Enchanted with its hiding-place, far, far beneath the hill,
Enwraught in silent blushes, softly ripples in its glee,
Proudly throwing from its bosom, there's a hiding-place for me.

THE STICKLEBACK POND.

SWEET memory wafts her smile,
Tho' time would drift it beyond,
Yet she furlerth her sail, while she laughs at the gale,
Once more by the stickleback pond.

She pleasantly rests me awhile,
And whispereth sweetly and fond,
And she danceth me back to my childhood track,
Once more by the stickleback pond.

Oh! the mill with its rumble I hear,
Or is it some fairy and wand
That mocketh the rush of the streamlet's gush,
And mimics the stickleback pond.

Time proudly wingeth its flight,
And biddeth me up and abscond
From my youthful glee in the rustic lea,
Where I played by the stickleback pond.

Barefooted I loved to wade,
And to catch the seeming respond,
And to climb the hill by the murmuring rill,
On the bank by the stickleback pond.

But many a long, long year,
And many a mile beyond,
Hath drifted between with a quaint intervene,
Where I fished at the stickleback pond.

Oh ! there's many a rustic spot
Still dear to the memory fond,
But the bosom will burn with a lingering yearn
While it rests by the stickleback pond.

THE LUNATIC RESTORED.

DEAR mother ! a beautiful story is this,
How grand is the feature entwined ;
How daring the conflict, triumphant the bliss,
That he's clothed, and is in his right mind.

Dear mother ! they tell me he wander'd and roam'd,
And the tombs formed his place of retreat ;
How wonderful this, that he wallow'd and foam'd,
But he's rescued, and sits at His feet.

Yes, sits at His feet who is stronger than death ;
Oh mother ! then dry up the tear,
For Jesus hath met in the way, and he saith,
‘ Come out,’ while they tremble and fear.

Oh mother ! a beautiful story indeed,
Hush, softly there flitteth a voice,
And there whispereth sweetly, the fetter hath freed,
While it biddeth the widow rejoice.

Hark ! surely dear father is lingering near,
Though, mother, he’s left us to roam,
But it seemeth to me that he wipeth the tear,
While he biddeth us follow him home.

To follow him home, my beautiful boy,
Ah ! yes, and the widow shall raise ;
Tho’ lonely the road, there is hope and there’s joy,
For the fatherless tongue there is praise.

Since Jesus hath still’d and hath soften’d that brow,
And hath led him and bade him good cheer,
My beautiful boy, let us follow him now,
And so shall the watery tear

Be only the dew-drop that moistens the road,
Or sparkles to show us his roam,
But leaveth his foot-prints to tell where he trod,
And is waiting to welcome us home.

THE WIDOW'S CAP.

It whispereth softly and sad
Of deepest bereavement and grief,
It trellises now that beautiful brow,
While it seemeth to mimic relief.

Sad token of sorrow and woe,
Of anguish that hideth how deep,
And ruffles the rest that would soften the breast,
While it biddeth the widow to weep.

Its sombre so mournfully set,
Deep sympathy winneth from all,
And it borrows a tear from the floating rear
Of the stranger's casual call.

It tenderly seemeth to chide,
With a pitiful sigh and a moan,
Whatever should dare interfere with the care
Of the widow's lamentable groan.

How strangely it seemeth to deck
That youthful and beautiful brow,
How it seemeth to grace that beautiful face,
That its sympathy borroweth now.

But the other day and it seems
The smiling brow of the bride
Was hid in the wreath of the orange leaf,
With her loved one there by her side.

How strange is the pathway of life,
How chequered at brightest and best,
Scarce able to trace but a timely pace,
When something creeps in to molest.

Yet softly some music I hear,
Oh ! surely the wings of a dove
Are fluttering near with a gladdening cheer,
While it soareth and soareth above.

How it whispereth, Follow me on,
Though left for a little to roam,
Yet a little before, and he holdeth the door
Where he waiteth to welcome thee home.

Then away with the sigh and the tear,
And the mourning garb and the cap,
And fondly dream of the silvery stream,
For he's only over the gap.

GUARDIAN ANGEL.

SOFTLY, softly, o'er me beaming,
Guarding, while I'm fondly dreaming,
Counting nightly hours by number,
Guardian Angel, while I slumber,
Silken wings they seem to hide me,
Like some vision dare to chide me,
Lightly o'er my pillow floating,
Now it rests, and fondly doating,
Hark ! I hear it gently whisper,
' Sweetly sleep, thou dreaming sister.'
Now away it gaily soareth,
Back again it o'er me poureth ;
To and fro 'tis gaily winging
While melodious notes are singing,
Happy Spirit ! never sever,
Guardian Angel ! stay for ever.

THE CHAMBER OF DEATH.

WHAT means the darken'd chamber there wrapp'd in a quiet
hush ?
And yet methinks I hear a groan that gives a thrilling touch.
My sister, dearest sister—now I hear a stifled sigh,
There on the bed of sickness in agony doth lie.

How pale and thin is now that cheek—the blooming cheek of youth.

Why is she now thus early bent ? Oh, tell me is it truth ?
Or is it now some fancied dream that calls this rising tear,
And when the night is overpast shall I my spirit cheer ?

My sister, dearest sister, a moment listen here,
But could I, Oh, how willingly, thy suff'ring would I share,
Or take it all, yes, that I would, if only thou couldst be,
My own, my darling sister, from pain and suffering free.

But now, Oh, that I cannot this—then is there nothing yet
That I could show how ardently my thoughts on thee are set ?
Ah ! now I know right earnestly, just this I'll go and say,
' Lord Jesus look with pity here, and take this pain away.

' Look down in deep compassion, and rest on her thy love,
And wing in all its richness sweet comfort from above.
Oh, to my one petition bow down thy gracious ear,
Make my afflicted sister an object of thy care.

' If, blessed Lord, thou call her hence, Oh, help her first to say,
"Thy will be done, Lord Jesus," then take her soul away ;
Thy precious blood was shed for her, be this our only plea,
Wash'd in that precious, precious flood, Oh ! take her on to
thee.'

THE YACHTSMAN'S GRAVE.

HUSH ! What is this strange sound of sorrow,
Here to-day and gone to-morrow ?
The laugh, but yesterday so clear,
Is hush'd to-day, for many a tear
Comes, steeping many an English brow,
While they mourn the fate of a stranger now.

The Yankee yachtsman, bright with pride,
Sailed over the sea so far and wide,
And his bosom beat high in a brilliant smile,
As nearer he drew to our beautiful isle,
And his spirit seem'd wrapt in one extacy,
While he glanced him back to his yacht on the sea.

Recreation had charm in her promised tour,
And he doubtless dreamt of its southern shore,
While he doubtless too had dreamt of the glee
That should sail him back o'er the beautiful sea,
To tell the tales of his wonderful roam
To the dear ones there in his own sweet home.

But stop not so, for a sudden shock
Strikes over our Island, and seemeth to mock
The pleasure that sparkled in many an eye,
Must wet with a tear, must change with a sigh,
For the Yankee's tour across the blue wave,
Is the death-knell beat to his English grave.

Sad fate, sad fate ! Will no loving hand
Stand over him now in his stranger land ?
Will nobody guard his deathly sleep,
And stand by him now to watch and to weep ?
Ah, yes ! for our Isle, while she ranks with the brave,
Will water the Yankee Yachtsman's grave.

THE DYING GIRL.

' TELL me, tell me, dearest friend, what is it makes thee smile,
While friends around thee stand and gaze, and weep, ah, weep
the while;

Yet thou canst cast a brilliant eye and tranquil look of glad,
That says begone to fear and tear, and every thought that's sad.'

' Tell you, my friend ; yes, that I will, for that inquiring look.
Just reach your Bible, will you, there, that holy, precious
book.

Jesus, my Shepherd, he is near, and he doth safely keep
Close by my side ; He watches me, I cannot, cannot weep.'

' Yes, sweet it is, my dearest friend, to have one's Shepherd
near,

On to the fold He's waiting now one of His flock to bear ;
With tender care He leads thee now, hark ! do just hear Him
say,

" I laid thy sins at Calvary, and wash'd them all away." '

'Come, come along.' 'Yes, that I will; on Him I safely lean.
Good-bye, my dearest mother, I go to worlds unseen.
You will not weep, now will you, there, my brothers, sisters,
say?

Since in my Saviour's arms I rest, so early called away.

'On to the land of glory I march with joyous bound,
E'en now its distant music sends forth its tinkling sound,
While "Holy, holy, holy!" comes bursting on mine ear;
I long to be with Jesus, I long to enter there.

'See how they veil their faces; and would'st thou have me
stay?

The voice of harpers harping there all bid me come away.
I long to be with Jesus, wrapt in his loving breast;
Good-bye to all around me, I long to be at rest.'

AN ACROSTIC.

COME, noble-hearted mariner, the hero and the brave,
He feareth not the thunderstorm, the roaring billow's wave.
Ah! something surely steereth him, for see, regardless he
Rides fearless of the vivid flash across the raging sea;
Loud tho' the mighty thunders roll, majestic and grand,
Endearing him, methinks a whisper bids him safely land,
Since death is now the messenger that bids him come and
stand.

Come, come and stand beside that bed where, stretched and
gasping, lies,
On just a thread of life, the form that longing, craving sighs,
' When will he come, oh, once more, once more, let the dying
see,
Dear to my heart that friend, that friend till latest memory.'
Eternity, eternity, when thou shalt reach so near,
Round, round about thy brow may guardian angels whisper
cheer,
Yonder, aye yonder beckon thee, and wipe thy latest tear.

SWEET BABY, COME.

SWEET baby, come to our fond, fond home,
And nestle thee under the smiling dome.
How lovingly now we are waiting to be
The first with a welcome, sweet babe, for thee.

Sweet baby, come to the out-stretched arms
That are waiting to fondle thy infant charms;
The cradle is ready, its tiny bed
Is waiting to nestle thy fond little head.

Sweet baby, come ; see, eagerly now,
We have pictured the wreath for thy fond little brow,
And the daisy is peeping, half jealous to see
The rose how it waveth, sweet baby, for thee.

Sweet baby come, hush ! surely is heard
The musical note of some beautiful bird,
So softly and smoothly it floateth along,
With ' Welcome, sweet babe,' for its innocent song.

Sweet baby come, no sorrow to mar,
But shine in our circle a bright little star ;
Sweet baby come, like a cherub divine,
And oh ! may the brightest of blessings be thine.

TO A YOUNG LADY ON HER WEDDING DAY.

FAIR flower of our circle, we gather around,
All hail to the music, we welcome the sound
That biddeth us deck in her bridal array,
The rose of the morning, the queen of the day.

Tho' we love thee more dearly than voices can tell,
And tho' grave be the sound that must bid thee farewell,
Yet, gem that we fondle, we cannot delay,
For there whispers a voice that forbids thee to stay.

Our starlight that twinkles and gladdens our home ;
Aye, sunbeam that sparkles and lightens our dome ;
Soft melody floating doth surely betide,
How sweet is the morning that dawns on the bride.

All nature seems beauteously mantled and clad
In her brightest and gayest, all smiling and glad,
While the very air seemeth to dance in the rear,
And seems to be waving and waving a cheer.

For the fair young bride, who gracefully now,
In her bridal robe, with her blossomed brow,
Stands decked, while she timidly raiseth her head,
She careth for nought but his voice, his tread,

Who hath softly whispered the tale of his love,
And hath won the heart of his gentle dove.
'Neath bursts of applause he stands by her side,
Midst blessings for him and his fair young bride.

THE BLACKBERRY BOUGH.

HITHER, my playmates, let us be merry.
Who shall be first to catch the blackberry?
Come, come along, and reach me the hook,
Now let us settle it under the nook.
Draw down the bough and let us be merry—
Who shall be first to catch the blackberry?

See how it curtseyeth, 'neath the bough waving,
Seeming to laugh at us, daring and braving ;
Seeming to join in our frolic and fun,
Yet give me the hook, for down it must come.
Aye, down with the bough, and let us be merry—
Who shall be first to catch the blackberry ?

To the woods, to the woods, away let us ramble,
Hedges and ditches, through brier and bramble ;
Hearts like a feather, and smiles on the brow,
We will lustily sing 'neath the blackberry bough.
Down, down with the bough, and let us be merry—
Who shall be first to catch the blackberry ?

Tossing its head, now playfully hiding,
Peeping and smiling, yet gaily confiding,
Snugly it wrappeth its nigger-like face,
A thorn for its surety, with dignified grace.
Yet hurrah ! the bough's down, so let us be merry—
Who shall be first to catch the blackberry ?

SHADES OF EVENING.

GENTLE shades of evening close
Sweetly o'er the landscape flows,
Wafting breezes sweeping by,
Shades of darkness fill the sky.

Not a leaf and not a flower,
But will welcome evening's hour.
Gentle songsters take their flight,
Warbling on, Good night, good night.
All is silent—all is still,
Murmuring brook and straggling rill
Seem to cease their rapid gush,
And to play a quiet hush,
While the heavenly orbs obey
And in silence seem to say,
Hush ye busy world awhile,
Shades of evening steal a smile.
All is tranquil, all is still,
Yet methinks, o'er yonder hill,
I can hear a still small voice,
Listen there; it saith Rejoice,
Bless thy God and join in prayer,
All ye weary wanderers there;
Ask Him thee to safely keep
And protect you while you sleep;
Raise a grateful heart, ah, there,
Thank him for his watchful care.
Through the day just stop awhile,
Linger there, and catch His smile;
Next, then lay thy sleepy head
On thy peaceful quiet bed,
Unmolested you shall be
Till the day-dawn breaks o'er thee,
Then again, in louder strain,

Bless and praise thy God again,
With uplifted heart, ah, there,
In thy closet kneel in prayer.
Then how sweetly, by-and-bye,
When a deeper sleep steals by,
And you take the warbler's flight,
Chirping on, Good night, good night;
Hide my soul in sweet repose,
Gentle shades of evening, close.

ANOTHER YEAR.

MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY.

ANOTHER year, and we gather around,
And we eagerly wait for the signal sound
That merrily floateth the zephyr breeze,
That softly waveth the smiling trees;
And oh! dearest mother, it seemeth to say—
To thee many happy returns of the day.

Another year, and it smileth bright
While it waketh the morn from the slumbering night,
And only hark how the bird on its wing,
While it gaily soareth, it seems to sing—
How it raiseth its notes with a lusty lay—
To thee many happy returns of the day.

Another year, and how glad, how glad,
Not one of us, mother, must now be sad,
For a holiday promiseth frolic and fun,
'Neath the gladdening rays of the rising sun;
Then, darling mother, we must, must say—
To thee many happy returns of the day.

Another year, and it promiseth fair
To strew thy way with a sunbeam there;
And oh! may roses and wreaths of flowers
Be thine, dearest mother, from choicest bowers,
And festoons be waving and waving away—
To thee many happy returns of the day.

Another year, and begone to the fear
That should dare to molest with the sign of a tear;
Or should there by chance, by the wind be blown,
A transient cloud or a floating frown,
Could we fancy it dreaming of sorrow? ah! nay,
But to thee many happy returns of the day.

Another year, and methinks how fond
Shall its moments be, what a happy bond,
While onward and onward its streamlet flows,
How pleasant 'twill be when we reach its close;
And there whispereth still that doth softly say—
To thee many happy returns of the day.

AN ACROSTIC.

WESTON, farewell, yet proudly we smile,
Ever thy thought shall be welcome awhile,
Sailing thy waters or rambling thy shore,
Time cannot banish the thought that shall soar.
Over the hill, or the dell, or the lea,
Nothing shall banish my roam by the sea.

Farewell to Weston, its beautiful wood,
And to its nooks that for ages have stood,
Rolling and rising and dashing with foam,
Even thy music shall welcome me home.
Weston, yes, home in my fancy shall be,
Even the murmur that floats from the sea,
Long may'st thou gladden the hearts that shall hide,
Loving to roam by thy beautiful side.

ON THE DEATH OF A BELOVED FATHER.

AN! yes, my gentle, gentle father dear,
I almost fancy even now that thou art here ;
But no, I trust thou now hast reached that holy, happy shore
Where seraphs throng those courts along, and shall go out no
more.

I think I see the graceful palm wave gently in thine hand,
My father, oh ! my father there, with all the ransomed band ;
Forgive the tear that gently ripples o'er thy memory sweet,
It only helps the heart to long and pant again to meet.

A parent's love ! bereft of this 'tis surely hard to part,
But enough that Jesus wills it and will aid the sinking heart ;
Then help me, O my God, to cast my weary eye above,
And rest upon Thy written word, that surely God is love.

Yes, God is love, and oh ! I know he doeth all things well,
Good-bye, my dearest father, now thy glory who can tell ?
I think I hear a whisper float o'er Jordan's silvery tide—
I'm safe at home, for 'twas for me the Saviour bled and died.

ON THE DEATH OF A LITTLE GIRL.

Oh ! tell me is it true, my own, that thou art gone away,
And must thy mother stay behind, oh ! must I, must I stay ?
Or can I not now follow thee, and so be with thee there,
My own, my darling little one, thy future lot to share ?

Oh ! must we now, my little one, so soon, so quickly part,
Just oncemore can I not now press thee to my throbbing heart ?
Canst thou be gone, for ever gone, on whom my hope was laid ?
So fondly watched my darling one, and yet so early fade ?

Hush ! what is this ? a voice almost I fancy now I hear.
Hark ! listen ! there, it seems to say—And wipe that falling tear,
And do not mourn and weep since this thy child, she now is
free ;

Yes, from this dreary, earthly spot, she waits to welcome thee.

To welcome thee, my mother dear, hark, hear her gently say—
How sweetly doth the accent sound—dear mother come away.
I am not lost, but gone before, see mother, here I am
Mounted upon my golden wing, and harping to the Lamb.

Oh ! now my own, my sweetest one, tho' strongest was the tie,
Freely I yield, and loose the band, and this, ah ! this is why—
From sin and sorrow yes I know thou art for ever free,
Safe in the brightest land above thou shalt for ever be.

Then while I bend me o'er, and take my last fond look, my
sweet,

I leave just one, a parting tear, and kiss thy clay-cold cheek.
I'll fancy thou art peeping, while I cast my eye above,
From yonder brilliant cloud, to meet me in the land of love.

FOND IMAGINATION.

Oh, fond Imagination, how blissful is the note
That wafts sweet Consolation amidst the heavenly float,
Beneath the curtain peeping, or hid behind a cloud,
Beneath the willow weeping, where is thy hallowed shroud !

Oh, fond Imagination, steal, oh steal me now aside,
And waft me to the resting-place where doth my father hide.
Oh! surely 'tis his voice I hear; welcome the long lost tone,
Say, fond Imagination, canst thou bring my father home?

Oh, fond Imagination, another voice I hear,
That loves to lull me by her grave and claims me all that's
 dear.

How sweet the hidden whisper that echoes o'er the sod—
I'm home, my dearest sister sweet, home and with my God.

Oh, fond Imagination, hush, yet a little while,
Stay me a little moment where I may but catch his smile,
The smile of thee, sweet innocent. O baby, hast thou fled?
My little brother, must thou too be mingled with the dead?

Oh, fond Imagination, I love, I love to dwell
Upon the happy happy past, yet still I know that all is well.
Yes, all is well, for oh! I know His promise must be true,
And I think I hear my dear ones say, He waiteth but for you.

Oh, fond Imagination, float, oh, float thy golden wing,
And launch me to the land where all the dear departed sing;
Yes, sing in louder, loftier strains, how blessed to be free,
Come, come and join us, dear ones, there, throughout eternity.

THE SICK CHILD'S JOY.

Oh, why are you smiling and looking so sad?
Come, gaze in my face and let's hear,
So happy and peaceful, no vision of sad,
On that bright little cheek not a tear.

Come, come little maiden, I long just to know—
Other children are sporting with glee,
And gay are the footsteps that run to and fro,
But a chamber of sickness for thee.

Hark, hark, at their voices, they shout and they sing,
While for weeks and for months that have flown,
The air with their shouting doth echo and ring,
While fainter and fainter thy tone.

Ah, sweet little maiden, I see thy bright smile
Come wafting its message to me,
So pure is the joy of the countenance, while
It beckons this whisper from thee:

While others are sporting and sporting away,
Full of life, full of health, full of glee,
Yet sweeter, far sweeter, my thoughts while I lay
Come floating and floating o'er me.

I think of the time, of the glorious time,
When my song, quite holy and pure,
And free from my chamber of sickness shall chime;
My joy is both steadfast and sure.

I think that beside me my Saviour now stands,
And He lulls me and helps me to bear,
And He graciously twineth his arms and his hands,
To his bosom He presseth me there.

And He whispers and whispers, so sweet is his voice,
He graciously bids me good cheer;
In my greatest of pain I am forced to rejoice,
For I feel that my Saviour is near.

So while at the voices of playmates I hark,
It makes me but long to be gone,
On, on to the land, where no sickness can mark,
Nor sorrow can tarnish my song.

With Jesus my Shepherd so close by my side,
I long and I long to be free;
I see the bright beacon that bids me to hide,
And closely to nestle to Thee.

Ah no, then, I would not delay on the road
For a game with my playmates, ah no;
But would travel along in haste to my God,
And invite them all with me to go.

Then, chamber of sickness, companion to me,
Thou art sent, I know, but for this,
That the bud of my youth might bloom but to be
A Rose in the garner of Bliss.

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

HARK ! what sounds of mournful sadness
Falling now upon mine ear,
There, where all was peace and gladness,
There the home that smiles did cheer.

Now again I gaze around me,
All about seems silent, sad ;
Neighbours, friends, what has befel ye ?
What has shadowed o'er your glad ?

Tell, oh tell me, why this anguish,
Sobs, and tears, and stifled sighs ?
All around one stricken languish,
Hush ! it whispers this is why :

'Tis with lagging, heartless labour,
That we now unfurl the cloud ;
Husband, father, friend and neighbour,
Now is stretched beneath his shroud.

He, the man beloved, respected,
Entered into all our plans,
Nought by him was e'er neglected,
Only place it in his hands.

He that used to lead our singing,
And our school treats used to grace,
Who did fill the air with ringing,
Loud hurrahs—that welcome face.

Stop; it comes like sudden thunder
Bursting loudly through the air,
And it fills my soul with wonder—
'Tis his voice I surely hear.

Hark! I think whate'er may threaten,
Surely now I hear his voice;
Sweetly, sweetly see him beckon
While he bids us still rejoice.

Do not tarry; follow, follow,
Wife and children, come along;
Friends, come chase that needless sorrow,
Yet again come join my song.

Come now, dear ones, cease that weeping,
See me soaring far above;
'Tis not death—'tis only sleeping
On the downy bed of love.

Could I halt? Oh no, I'd rather
Speed my way and take my flight,
There behold my gracious Father
Bid me tread the land of light.

Come now, dear ones, let my lustre
Not be dimmed by fruitless tear;
Onward, onward, round me cluster,
Come and share my glory here.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

OH hasten, thou mourner, to dry up thy tear,
And cast but thine eye o'er thy head,
Thy darling, thy cherished one, see, see him there,
Not alone with the number of dead.

His seraph wings flutter and flutter beside,
Beside of the life-giving stream;
So smooth and so soft, and so gentle the tide
That floated him off like a dream.

See, see him now wafted, exalted among
Little children, to whom it is given
To join in the chorus—the holiest song—
'Of such is the kingdom of Heaven.'

See, see on his brow the mark that is placed
By the Shepherd who knoweth his sheep,
Who tenderly gathers the lambs he has traced,
And safe in his bosom doth keep.

'Tis a trial that's keen to a mother's soft breast,
With the babe she hath cherished to part;
Yet listen, he hides in a lovelier nest
Than the tenderest mother's warm heart.

He hides and he hides so gently, ah, there,
Where the dear little children all meet,
In their joy's brightest Eden of transport to share,
All the glories that wait them to greet.

He's gone, ah ! he's gone, and a place he doth grace
So sweetly, see, see him now peep,
While he seems but to say, I have left thee to trace,
And not by the willow to weep.

Come, come, dearest mother, O follow me here,
And long but to share in my rest,
That shall soothe thee and dry up thy sorrowing tear,
And link me more close to thy breast.

O mother, dear mother, there whispers again,
Thy bright little angel to thee,
Now far, far away from all sickness and pain,
I long but thy welcome to be.

Oh yes, sweetest babe, I know thou art there,
And I long, ah, I long for the path
That shall garland the rose and the bud for to share
In the wreath that my diamond hath.

I know that the cushion that resteth thine head
Is sweeter and softer than mine ;
I know that the bosom that maketh thy bed
Is blessed, and I dare not repine.

So, baby, I'll press thee and take my last kiss,
And my tears shall be joy, not repine ;
For I know that thy future is transport and bliss,
And thy home is both pure and divine.

THE LITTLE GARDENER.

Come, now for my wheelbarrow, spade, and my hoe,
For into the garden to work I must go ;
There's many a bramble and many a weed,
And spring-tide is coming, so now for my seed.

Potatoes and cabbage, huzza ! what a crop,
O I think 'twill be charming, quite charming ; but stop,
I must labour and toil, and be hardy just now,
Determined to work in the sweat of my brow.

Asparagus, spinach, and brocoli see,
Scarlet runners and beans, what a garden 'twill be,
Some carrots and turnips, oh yes, and green peas,
For what would a garden be worth without these ?

And then, let me see, there's the cucumber bed,
And then for my tools I must build me a shed,
And then, to be sure, every gardener knows,
I must make me a trap for the sparrows and crows.

And then comes the fruit tree—the apple, the pear,
And the currant and gooseberry, cherry, oh dear ;
The beautiful plum tree and delicate peach,
And the apricot far from the little ones' reach.

Oh, surely, I must then be up and away,
And into my garden by breaking of day ;
Then give me my wheelbarrow, spade, and my hoe,
For into the garden to work I must go.

HOME TO SEE MOTHER.

HOME to see mother, dear mother, once more,
Light hearted and joyous my bosom doth soar :
See, there at the wicket my father doth stand,
While he joyfully smileth and waveth his hand ;
And over the brow of the hill I can see
My brothers and sisters are waiting for me.

Home to see mother ; delightful the sound,
How it maketh my heart and my spirit to bound :
How well I remember the bright happy day
That found me at home in my childhood at play.
Oh how well I remember the frolic and glee,
That I spent when at home, dearest mother, with thee.

Home to see mother ; what music so sweet
Could fall on mine ear when my mother I meet ?
Oh how well I remember the sound of her voice,
That at home in my childhood could bid me rejoice.
Then mother, dear mother, come lock me to thee,
For dearer than ever is mother to me.

AND BRING ME HOME A FLOWER.

GOOD-BYE, my little darlings, go and ramble o'er the hill,
The daffodil is waving, come, the little basket fill.
The daisy laughs, the buttercup, the primrose in the bower,
Are smiling now to welcome thee, so bring me home a flower.

The violet is peeping from the mossy bank beside
The little rill that ripples where in sport it loves to hide ;
The little birds are twittering ; hark, hark, how sweet they
sing,
How lovely is the floweret of the early, early spring.

See Nature how she smileth, in her gayest mantle clad,
How beauteously she whispereth and bids the heart be glad ;
Could sadness seem to hover round that hanging, fleecy cloud ?
Ah surely nay, methinks a flower should peep above its shroud.

Away, away then to the woodlands, where the blue-bell waves,
And dancing cowslips seem to play the round that winter braves;
Go where the early warblers love to chorus in the hour,
All sporting in the sunshine there, and bring me home a flower.

MOTHER, REST.

MOTHER, rest, thy toil is over,
Sweetly, softly, slumber now ;
Gently see thy bed we cover,
While we kiss thy deathly brow.

Mother, rest ; the tear-drop stealing,
Falling from bereavement's brow,
Mingled sorrow, yet 'tis healing
To the hearts that mourn thee now.

Mother, rest ; the weeping willow
Gently waves its drooping head,
Hanging o'er that sombre pillow
'Neath thy narrow grassy bed.

Mother, rest ; no more of sorrow,
All for thee is o'er and past ;
See, there dawns a brighter morrow,
Rest, sweet rest, for thee at last.

Mother, rest ; no sorrow sighing
Reaches now that better land ;
Scarce can this be called dying—
Wond'rous change—sublime and grand !

Mother, rest ; sweet rest for ever
Bids thee halt thy pilgrim roam ;
Hark, it sweetly whispers, ' Never
More go out, for thou art home.'

FAINT NOT, SAD HEART.

FAINT not, sad heart, nor let thy timid spirit fear,
Thy Father hath appointed it, thy cross with patience bear.
Doth darkness seem to mantle thee within its gloomy shroud ?
And is the sun now hiding there behind that hanging cloud ?
And doth the storm and tempest now in torrents seem to sweep,
And proudly bid defiance to the hearts perchance that weep ?
Hush ! softly o'er the hazy hill there whispereth a voice—
Fresh courage, Christian warrior, and let thine heart rejoice ;
Brave soldiers in the battle-field they fear no dart or foe,
But with all their armour on they will up and onward go ;

The conflict may be daring, and the battle may be strong,
But up, nor be faint-hearted, Christian soldier, come along.
The flash may be too vivid, or the thunder-clap too loud,
But after, when the storm is past, to see the breaking cloud
Give way, Oh ! glorious ; methinks the sun will burst its rays
and shine

With a light that's all triumphant, and majestic, and divine ;
Then Oh faint not, faint not, sad heart, beneath a transient
frown,

Thy Father over-rules it—'tis the cross before the crown.
But bear the cross and wait His time, His own appointed way
Shall lead thee out of darkness into bright and perfect day.

THE FLOWER FADETH.

MUST it be, my own, my tender,
Dearest babe, oh ! must it be ?
Must I make this great surrender—
Must I, must I, part with thee ?

Are my fondest hopes thus blighted ?
Must thou fade, my sweetest flower ?
Must thy spirit, fondly lighted,
Whither, droop in such an hour ?

Oh ! my own, my darling baby,
Must thou suffer thus while I
Stand and gaze, but cannot stay thee—
Sweetest baby, must thou die ?

Oh ! could I but gain this favour,
Bear thy pain, my sweet, how glad,
Smiling would thy mother labour,
Bear with joy and not be sad.

Mourner, stop ; my own, my precious,
Now methinks I hear a voice
Sweetly whisper—this is Jesus—
He forebodes this happy choice.

Mother, wouldst thou have me linger,
Now this thorny world amid,
But a weary pilgrim stranger,
Not in Jesus safely hid.

Safe, yes, safely hid, how sweetly
There, ah ! there in Jesus' fold,
Until thou, my mother, meet me
There my glory to behold.

Ah ! my babe, though broken-hearted,
I, thy mother, now will yield ;
Kiss the rod, and thus be parted,
Faith in God my wounds has healed.

Then, my babe, when I, thy mother,
Meet thee in that glorious place,
Undisturbed I'll fondle over,
When my own with joy I trace.

Baby, no more tears or crying
When again I meet with thee ;
Bless the Lord, all sorrow, sighing,
Shall for ever, ever flee.

Yes, the sword so keenly darting,
Lovely babe, cannot divide,
Peace and safety, no more parting
When in Jesus' fold we hide.

Then, my own, I'll cease my weeping,
Take my wing and onward fly.
Good-bye, baby, time is fleeting,
'Tis not long with Jesus by.

THE HAPPY DEATH-BED.

I AM not lost, but gone before ; Oh, don't you see me here ?
Look up, look up, and see me now—you have no cause to
fear.

Good-bye, good-bye to weeping, I now am free from pain,
All, all I longing wait for, is but to meet again.

Come, come my dearest mother, just cast a longing eye,
You need not shed a single tear, nor heave a lonely sigh ;
I am not now the pale, the sick, the suffering worm of earth.
No, no, beneath my Saviour's feet behold my happy berth.

You will just listen, won't you now, and hear my holy song,
While to my harp I tune my voice, do listen, come along ;
My heart it beats with ecstasy, lit up with wondrous blaze—
Worthy the Lamb for me once slain, O help me shout His
praise.

O what a glorious change is this, now in the land of love,
Far, far beyond the sun—the moon—and twinkling stars above.
See, see my crown and wings, and palm of triumph waving
high,
Hark, listen, dear ones will you, there, and hear my lusty cry.

Come, come along, for oh, I cannot, cannot have you stay;
While I am wrapt in glory's charms, you too must come away ;
Here pearls of beauty sparkle bright with splendour's dazzling
hue,
There's room for seraphs gone before—there's room for fol-
lowers too.

Ah yes ! thou dear one, dear one there, we fancy now we hear
Thy welcome voice in strains of joy that echoes do not fear ;
Wafted in yonder cloud we see thee beckon from above,
But soon the note of ' met again ' shall burst the land of love.

WHERE'S EVA?

WHERE'S Eva, mamma? Will she soon come home
For her Christmas holiday too?
And join in our frolic, our sport, and our fun
With papa, and with us, and with you?

Where's Eva, mamma, that she seems so long?
Shall we watch by the window to see,
And to hear when she comes with her gay little song,
All shouting, mamma, in her glee?

Where's Eva, mamma, that the twilight's in,
And the stars are beginning to shine,
And nature is closing its curtain dim
On the still, still night divine?

Where's Eva, mamma? Come, look at the wreath
We have twined for her fond little brow,
The queen of the feast, we must hide underneath
Laurestina and bright holly bough.

Where's Eva, mamma, that you look so sad,
And you try to smile through a tear,
And you stroke us now, that we're all so glad
That Christmas and Eva are near?

Where's Eva, mamma ? Oh ! she must, must come
To be foremost and chief in our play ;
'Twould scarcely seem Christmas at all in our home
With Eva, sweet Eva, away.

Where's Eva, mamma ? Oh ! send for her now ;
Shall I on with my coat and my hat ?
I think, dear mamma, I could trudge thro' the snow,
And quickly with Eva come back.

Where's Eva, mamma ? Let me go, let me go,
Perchance she is lost on the way,
Or she's timid, mamma, at the streamlet's flow,
Or she hideth awhile in her play.

Where's Eva, my boy ? She's there, ah ! she's there,
With the dear little lambs of the fold,
With Jesus, her Shepherd, to guard with his care,
Her joy and her glory's untold.

Where's Eva, my boy ? Oh ! she's safe, quite safe,
And her Christmas is brighter afar,
And she wears now the wreath the redeemed ones grace,
And she shineth a bright little star.

Where's Eva, my boy ? My sigh and my tear
They are not for Eva—no, no ;
'Tis the earthy plot that would stay me here,
While on to my Eva I go.

Where's Eva, my boy? Oh! from yonder cloud,
One peep at our Christmas tree,
She waveth her palm and she carols aloud
The song of her victory!

THE DAY WHEN I TRUNDLED MY HOOP.

My beautiful hoop—to thee do I owe
The brightness, the beam on my cheek,
The light-hearted bosom and beautiful glow—
The magic that seemeth to speak.

To speak from the trundle that rumbleth the road
And the echo that whirlleth the air,
And merrily mimics the day when it snowed,
And laughs at my look of despair.

My boyhood's companion—to me when a man
How pleasant the bygone shall be,
When the race long ago with my hoop I shall scan,
And in fancy be dancing with thee.

The brave gallant soldier, some day on the field
Perchance may be heading my troop,
Oh! a whisper shall flit while my sword I shall wield,
Of the day when I trundled my hoop.

Or now I can picture the grey-headed seer—
He's telling with humorous glee,
When he trundled his hoop, is the tale most dear
To the little ones climbing his knee.

Oh ! the bat and the ball, and the hare and the hounds,
There's many a game may be told,
But a run with the hoop, and my spirit it bounds,
While it laughs at the frosts and the cold.

There's cricket and croquet and leap-frog and swing,
And once in a way I can stoop
At marbles, but better than all I can win,
Is the day that I trundled my hoop.

THE STABLE-BOY'S GRAVE.

SLEEP on, sleep on, thou rustic stable-boy,
Where nought can hover round thee that can ever more alloy
But there, where all is hushed and calm, we lay thee peace-
fully,
And only bid thee slumber on in sweet tranquillity.

Though lonely was thy lot in life—an orphan stable-boy,
With few to share thy sorrows or to mingle with thy joy,
Yet oh, sublime and sacred now, could'st thou thy grave be-
peep,
To see employers gather round and fellow-servants weep.

No pillow soft was there to lull and soothe thy dying head,
No friend to take thy last farewell stood by thy watery bed ;
Yet hush, hope sweetly whispereth and anchoreth our joy,
For we feel that faith was simple in our honest stable-boy.

Then we'll fondly gather round thee in thy narrow resting
place,
Where perchance the yellow buttercup and daisy thee shall
grace ;
And oh ! methinks how sweet 'twill be, when nothing more
can cloy,
To meet at home, sweet home, with thee, our rustic stable-
boy.

THE LITTLE HYMN-BOOK.

COMPANION of my solitude, sweet whisper to my soul,
That points to yonder resting-place, the weary pilgrim's goal ;
It seems to wing me on the road in spite of all my roam,
It takes my hand and whispereth, how sweetly, Welcome
home.

It leads me on and points the way with many and many a
cheer ;
Sweet little book, to thee I owe the chase of many a tear,
Thy simple pages lovingly I now can peer and trace,
And feel a glow within my heart – a sunbeam in my face.

It tells me, tho' my sins are red, where I can get them free,
It whispereth that Jesus bled, yes, bled and died for me;
Sweet treasure of my soul, then oh ! I would more firmly
grasp ;

My little hymn-book in my hand how fondly would I clasp.

It bids me never, never fear, in words of love untold,
And tho' I've wandered far away, it points me to the fold ;
It whispers—Weary wanderer see, see thy Shepherd stands,
He only waits to welcome thee with eager out-stretched hands.

It seems to draw my heart aside, unconscious on the wing,
And meets a heavenly atmosphere, and sets me there to sing.
Sweet little book, my soul's companion, could I ever part ?
No, no, but bind thee closer still, and wear thee in my heart.

No more my tottering steps shall fear the rough the rugged
road,
My little hymn-book bids me cheer and make my peace with
God.

Hark ! once more hear its sonnet float—good-bye this weary
roam,
Companion of my solitude, it whispers—Welcome home.

HUSH ! MOTHER'S ASLEEP.

HUSH, mother's asleep, shut softly the door,
And noiselessly tread o'er the carpeted floor.
How oft have we watched her when pallid her cheek,
Or flushed with her pain and not able to speak ;
How oft have we sided her pillow to weep ;
But now there's a whisper—hush ! mother's asleep.

Hush, mother's asleep, just darken the room.
How oft have we watched her in sadness and gloom ;
Stir gently the fire, and—stay just a while—
Now turn round and see how she seemeth to smile.
Yes, seemeth to smile while we tiptoe and creep,
And yet there's a whisper—hush ! mother's asleep.

Hush, mother's asleep ; how lovingly we,
Thy children, dear mother, are bending o'er thee,
And jealously guarding thy slumbers so fond,
That raiseth our hopes and sets them beyond,
Where sisterly seraphs will aid us to keep,
How sweetly the whisper—hush ! mother's asleep.

Hush, mother's asleep ; not a stir, not a sound
That should dare to molest or disturb must be found,
But all must be stillness and quiet repose.
How sacred the music it seemeth there flows,
While its murmur more closely than ever doth steep
The eyelids that biddeth—hush ! mother's asleep.

Hush, mother's asleep ; then could we be sad ?
No, no, why the very sound bids us be glad.
How long have we watched, have we waited for this,
For the chamber of ease, for the chamber of bliss.
How sweetly she sleeps while she seemeth to peep,
And dream out the whisper—hush ! mother's asleep.

MY FATHER'S SMILE.

My Father's smile shall make me glad
Tho' all around beside were sad,
When left to contemplate alone
His loving smile is round me thrown.

About my path, about my bed,
My Father's smile is round me shed ;
At daybreak too, or midnight dark,
A gentle whisper bids me hark.

A still small voice breaks in awhile,
Again I catch my Father's smile ;
My soul is filled with holy maze
While on his loving smile I gaze.

It seems as if some gentle dove
Were floating o'er me from above ;
I raise my head in wondering strain,
Ah ! now my Father smiles again.

My hands, my heart, my soul, my all,
Beneath his footstool gently fall,
But Father's smile is near to raise—
Ah ! now my tongue bursts out with praise.

With sacred wonder filled I stand,
My Father holds me with his hand,
And bids me upward look awhile,
To catch again his loving smile.

Tho' sometimes filled with fear and doubt,
I on in darkness grope about,
Out peeps his smile wrapt in a shroud,
'Twas only hid behind a cloud.

Filled with temptations next I roam,
And in despair lose sight of home,
A star comes twinkling, yet awhile,
It shines again—my Father's smile.

My father, O my Father, sweet
It is at every step to meet.
If sometimes on me, from above,
A frown is sent—'tis sent in love.

It only bids me watchful be
Lest I should e'er lose sight of thee ;
But this it always hath entwined—
A tender smile to cast behind.

My Father, Saviour, God and King,
Still to thy smile in love I cling.
If tempted e'er from thee to stray,
It draws me with its tender sway.

My Father, O my Father mild,
Look with compassion on thy child,
And sweetly play thy smile o'er me,
Till I for ever smile on thee.

HE FELL BUT TO RISE.

DEAR mother, they tell me he fell but to rise,
Then wipe now the tears from thy sorrowing eyes.
They tell me he faced, like a hero so brave,
And wielded his sword with a conqueror's wave.
With the battle before him he fought for the prize,
And they tell me, they tell me, he fell but to rise.

Dear mother, they tell me the beautiful bride
That followed him out, like an angel beside,
Will now be returning, all sorry and sad,
The widow in mourning, no spark that is glad.
But why, dearest mother, this dismal disguise,
When they tell me, they tell me, he fell but to rise?

Dear mother, they tell me to lower the blind,
In token that death in his arms hath entwined;
And they speak but in whispers of sorrowful tone,
And it seemeth they love to be quiet alone.
But why, dearest mother, this dreary surmise,
When he fought but to win, and he fell but to rise?

Dear mother, see, see you that beautiful cloud,
And he peepeth behind it and smiles at the shroud.
How he maketh his way while he wingeth his flight,
And mounting so nobly he stands at its height;
Now, furling his banner, he shouts from the skies,
The victor triumphant—he fell but to rise!

Dear mother then cheer thee, tho' hard to be left,
Of the husband, the son, and the brother bereft,
They say that he bathed in his own life's blood,
But to him it seemed nought but a beautiful flood,
For see you the smile on his lips while he dies,
It leaveth the whisper—he fell but to rise!

'JESUS SAITH UNTO HER, MARY!'

HARK! I hear His gracious voice
Bid my heart and soul rejoice.
Sister, now He calleth me,
Dearest Lord, 'tis surely He.

Dark and dismal was the road
When in search of God I trod ;
None to break my lonely gloom
While I sought him near the tomb.

All at once—oh ! lovely sound—
Echoes like a flash the ground.
Mary, hush !—I hear him speak—
"Tis my Lord I came to seek.

Dearest Lord, my hope, my all,
At the brink forbids my fall ;
See, He bursts my latest gloom,
Jesus meets me at the tomb.

And he dries my latest tear,
Chases, too, my latest fear ;
Oh ! 'tis nought the dreary road,
At the end to find my Lord.

Could I the world again retrace—
No, I speed my rapid pace ;
Dearest friend, forbid my roam,
Jesus, Rabbi, calls me home.

SILENT BREATHINGS.

WHEN will my heart be clean, quite clean,
Without one evil thought within ?
When will the billows cease to roll
In angry torrents o'er my soul ?

When will my heart be pure, quite pure,
From every tempest quite secure ?
When will fresh outbursts cease to rise,
That dim my progress to the skies ?

When will my heart be free, quite free,
From every storm that rageth me ?
When will resentment, anger, pride,
And all unloveliness subside ?

Jesus, thou know'st I love thee still,
Bend thou my haughty, stubborn will.
Jesus, my Jesus, cleanse my stain,
And guard thy wanderer once again.

Jesus, thou know'st I love the breast
That oft hath lulled my soul to rest ;
Jesus, thou know'st I love to twine
Within those out-stretched arms of thine.

Jesus, thou know'st I love to hide
In silent breathings near thy side.
Jesus, my Jesus, oh ! be mild,
And once more smile upon thy child.

THE DYING GIRL.

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

GOOD-BYE, good-bye, my well-loved friends, with ye I cannot
 stay,
For hark ! my God a message sends to steal my soul away.
Tho' many a conflict, many a foe,
May threaten a blasting overthrow,
I'll wield my sword and onward go—
 Looking unto Jesus.

Adieu ! adieu ! thou busy world, my future is divine,
Let Satan from his throne be hurled, for Jesus he is mine.
Tho' many a sigh and many a tear,
And many a doubt and many a fear,
May try to sway—I'll dash them clear—
 Looking unto Jesus.

On to that bright, bright world above, 'tis there I long to be
Invited by my Saviour's love, who bled and died for me.

Yes, though my sins are crimson red,
It was for me my Saviour bled,
Now quite, quite safe, I raise my head—
Looking unto Jesus.

On to my happy, happy home, he bids me come away ;
He gathers in my youthful roam before the scorching day.
He sweetly whispers—Maid arise,
Up, speed thee on and mount the skies,
And, only childlike, fix thine eyes—
Looking unto Jesus.

See Satan, how he croucheth down before his long-thought
prey ;
Ten thousand darts his net had thrown to lure my feet away ;
But now I face him manfully,
And pointing to the accursed tree,
Defeat him there triumphantly—
Looking unto Jesus.

The cross, the dying Saviour's cross, clung by a dying girl,
Shall to the latest cleanse my dross, and whisper—Peace be
still ;
Then, when the river glideth by,
My passing breath shall fondly cry—
How sweet it is, how sweet to die—
Looking unto Jesus.

ACROSTIC.

SLEEP, GENTLE KATE.

SLEEP, gentle Kate, beneath thy grassy sod,
Lent only for a little while, now claimed again by God.
Ere thou hadst tasted sorrow's cup we lay thee down to sleep,
E'en there where angels stealthily their hallowed watch-guard
keep;
Pity, forgive, sweet Kate, the tear that bids us weep.

Gentle thou wast from infancy, we watched thy tender years,
Entwined with roses, yet with thorns, bedimmed with doubts
and fears.
Now lulled to sleep by hidden hands, softly thy eyelids close;
Twined gracefully and tastefully, the willow and the rose
Lend forth their aid to shade and scent thy sweet repose.
Eternity quite cloudless, gentle Kate, its wings around thee
throws.

Kate, once we watched, and watched, and thought we ne'er
could say good-bye,
And oh! how hard we gazed at death—in vain could we defy;
Till all at once a hallowed blaze rebuked and bade us wait,
Encircled round thy brow 'twas writ—Sleep on, thou gentle
Kate.

WE'LL MEET AGAIN TO-MORROW.

How softly wafts the gentle breeze,
The zephyr winds that borrow,
That seem to sing amongst the trees—
We'll meet again to-morrow.

How softly ebbs that silent breast,
That bosom free from sorrow,
That whispers to a parting guest—
We'll meet again to-morrow.

How gently floats that songster now,
That warbleth so sweetly,
That danceth round and round my brow,
And sings—to-morrow meet me.

What beauteous music flits mine ear
And fills the air with ringing ;
I fondly hark, and dream I hear
The whole creation singing.

And while I gaze with wondering eyes
Strange fancies seem to follow,
And catch the curious song, and raise—
We'll meet again to-morrow.

Ah ! now I catch that laughing eye
Without one trace of sorrow,
It answereth with a soft-drawn sigh—
We'll meet again to-morrow.

THE MOTHER FROM HOME.

THE mother from home, and she secretly yearns,
And she muses in silence the strain,
And there whispereth soft, while her bosom it burns—
Oh ! I long to be home once again.

My baby is there ; stay me not, stay me not,
But bid me adieu, quickly, now ;
I long to be there by that dear little cot,
Bending over that fond little brow.

That little blue frock and those little blue shoes,
Could a mother forget in her roam ?
Ah, nay, but her pulse, quickly beating, would choose
To be there with her baby at home.

Sweet baby, I come ; sweet baby, I come ;
Good-bye to my holiday roam ;
'Tis well to be sporting, but sweeter by far
To be there with my baby at home.

'PEACE BE UNTO THEE.'

HUSH ! hark to the voice that floats over me now,
To the restless brain and the throbbing brow,
That seemeth to shudder the tyrant's sword,
Surely some music strikes gently a chord,
And it pleasantly biddeth my fear to cease,
While it cheerfully lulleth and whispereth peace.

Oh ! surely some dream must be floating my head,
Or some fairy vision o'erhanging my bed,
For even in slumber I playfully hide,
And the fear that comes creeping I dash it aside ;
For surely their veils me some soft hidden fleece,
While sweetly beneath it there whispereth peace.

What peace to the maiden in sadness beguiled ;
Away with the mimic of frantic or wild ;
'Tis sorrow pent up till a thundering rush
Bursts over the spirit's bewildering gush,
And the black wave's torrent with wild increase ;
Yet hush ! all at once there whispereth peace.

Yes, peace, troubled daughter, good cheer to thee now,
There's rest for thy bosom, there's calm from thy brow.
'Tis Jesus invites thee ; come, wanderer, rest,
Recline on his bosom, recline on his breast ;
Come now to his arms, and thy sorrow shall cease,
For surely 'tis Jesus that whispereth peace.

THE HUSBAND ALONE.

HE paceth up and down, and he walketh to and fro,
He cannot seem to settle down or know which way to go ;
Perchance he takes the paper up and gives it just a scan,
Then lays it down and whispers—I'm a solitary man.
Then, softly sighing, knits his brow—alas ! my bird hath
 flown,
And left me to experience the husband all alone.

They talk of single blessedness, and tell of married bliss,
Yet I fancied I could spare her, that she'd not be such a miss ;
But oh ! forgive me while I own companionship the life,
For what on earth comes up to this—a man without a wife.
I fancied I could spare her, but solicitude must own,
No rook could caw much louder than the husband all alone.

We jog along most happily, but still I never thought
The fish that out of water would so readily be caught,
And oh, the pleasant fancy still will float about my breast,
That though my bird is far away she's brooding o'er her nest.
And oh ! I fancy I can hear a kind of distant moan,
She'd gladly now be hiding with her husband all alone.

I take my quiet cup of tea, the bachelor might boast ;
But give to me the gentle hand to spread my bit of toast.
No loving smile awaits me now, I 'most as soon would be
Without the butter on my bread, or sugar in my tea ;

As live the life without a wife—aye, let me pick the bone,
I'd give her all the meat than be the husband all alone.

I'm snug enough, for aught I know, and every comfort trace,
But the greatest of them all would be to fill the vacant place.
I lounge within my easy chair and take my nap at noon,
But there's no one now to wake me, for my gentle bird hath
 flown ;

No melody falls on mine ear with music in the tone,
O, surely I shall ne'er forget the husband all alone.

But never mind, I'll cheer me on and count the days awhile,
And I shall see that form again, and catch that loving smile ;
And O the joy I then shall feel—what brilliance beam mine eye,
When I shall hail the welcome news—she's coming by-and-bye ;
I'll prize her more than ever then, and this I'll frankly own,
'Tis well to be a little while—the husband all alone.

THE WIFE AWAY.

HUSH ! there soundeth from the distance and there falleth on
 mine ear

A kind of distant echo, I cannot tarry here,
Oh ! I think I hear the sonnet of another well-known voice,
With a music strike upon it that bids my heart rejoice.
Then mother, bid me now farewell, for oh ! I cannot stay,
Oh no ! I cannot longer bear to be the wife away.

Hush ! on the morning breezes there floateth through the air
A kind of stifled whisper—Why leave me longer here ?
'Tis sweet to flee the ark awhile, and oh ! 'tis good to learn
The dove that finds no resting-place will gladly now return.
'Tis sweet to sport a little while, a little while to play,
But let me hie me home again, nor be the wife away.

The morning sun is shining and the warblers, all afloat,
Are twittering round my window-sill with rife and cheerful
note ;
But hush ! a lonely footstep treads the daisy-spangled grass,
And a voice there gently whispereth—Why leave me thus ?
alas !
So mother, mother, let me go, and bid me no delay,
That twinkling eye beams softly now—why be the wife
away ?

I love my father's gentle arms, my mother's tender care,
But another, softly sighing, bids me turn and enter there ;
My baby sleeps upon my bosom, with me in my roam,
But my husband and my own fireside, they bid me welcome
home.
So let me go, and fare-thee-well, thy loving sheep must stray
For oh ! I dare not longer be the absent wife away.

The village bell is chiming now, and falleth, oh, how sweet ;
It wafteth on the gentle breezes, smiling, me to greet.
Hark ! o'er the hillock, far away, it floateth on the wing,
And oh ! it pealet merrily, while thus it seems to sing—

Return, return, thou wanderer, and proudly we will sway
The banner, for no longer thou shalt be the wife away.

Then, dearest friends, good-bye, good-bye, my panting bosom
yearns,

But yonder see the brilliant hearth and fire for me that burns;
And peeping thro' the window—oh ! I cannot leave them there,
My slippers in the fender, and my dear old empty chair.

Then mother, mother, kiss me quick, but bid me no delay,
For I cannot, cannot longer bear to be the wife away.

THE SEASIDE VILLAGE.

REMEMBRANCE OF BEMBRIDGE, I.W.

FAIR corner remote of that dear little isle,
We cast thee a beckon and wave thee a smile ;
The clatter and clamour of city forsook,
How lovely to hide in thy sweet little nook.

Fair corner remote, no pomp canst thou boast,
Of the great or the mighty, the monarch or host ;
Yet nature hath mantled her beauties in thee,
Thou fair little village alone by the sea.

Thy woodlands are beautiful, decked in a sheen,
And thy mossy banks smile from their tippets of green,
'Neath the trees that o'er-hang them, thy shady lanes peep,
Till far o'er the hillock they stealthily creep.

Fair corner remote, tho' through the world wide
I launch on the wave and I float on the tide,
Yet proudly I'll wave a gay banner to thee,
Thou fair little village alone by the sea.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

A HAPPY new year, a happy new year !
Shout thousands of voices loud and clear ;
From the dear old man in his silvery hair,
And the dear old dame in her old arm chair,
And the sprightly youth and the bounding maid.
It ringeth again the rustic glade,
While merrily pealeth the village bell,
And the cottager peeps from his hamlet dell ;
He whistles a chorus so merrily there,
That lightens his brow from many a care ;
And the squire comes tripping with nimble feet,
His lady to meet and his chicks to greet ;
And the stately lord and the gallant brave,
A happy new year can wave, can wave.
Oh ! fathers and mothers, and children all,
A happy new year can loudly call ;

And many a brow with cloudy scope,
A happy new year can meet with hope;
And many a heart that's sour and sad
Can welcome the sonnet that makes it glad.
The soldier, the sailor, hurrah ! hurrah !
A voice from the ocean be-murmurs the call.
At home and abroad, the near and the dear,
Resoundeth the cry—A happy new year;
And even the convict ceaseth to sigh,
And—A happy new year ! doth hopefully cry.
Hark, hark ! what is this ? another is seen,
And the palace unfoldeth our gracious Queen,
And she flingeth a smile and waveth a cheer,
While she biddeth once more—A happy new year !

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY.

How bright and joyous is the heart, and gladsome is the brow,
There's not a cloud and not a shadow rests upon it now;
But sparkling eyes and sunny faces light the sunny throng,
While—Come and welcome, happy day—rings out the birthday
song.

Oh ! happy day, oh ! happy day, when little children meet
To join a merry game of play, and hail a birthday treat—
A holiday, a holiday ! good-bye to slate and book,
Arithmetic and grammar, French and all must be forsook.

Hi! ah, what's this? I see papa come peeping round the door,
And something in his hand he brings—a birthday gift, I'm sure.
Hurrah, hurrah! here's dear mamma, she seconds him in this—
God bless thee now, my blooming boy, come, give mamma a kiss.

And now what's next? Aunt Emmy too, she looks so very shy;
She hides her hands behind her, too—I guess, I'll tell you why.
Some token of forget-me-not. I say, why here's Miss Jane,
I do declare the birthday treat has fetched her out again.

Now come, what's next? Ah! Freddy there, he looks so very wise,
I think you say, my birthday gift, dear Willy, don't despise.
And Henry too; stop, really now, here's Stanney dancing in,
And Flory dragging Fluff along, so play must now begin.

But hark! I fancy now I hear a shuffle in the hall,
Here's cooky come to steal a peep, Louisa, nurse, and all.
With three times three in hearty cheer, may every birthday shine,
And health, and peace, and happiness, and every blessing thine.

THY SON LIVETH.

LAND of the ransomed and land of the blest,
Land where the sin-sick and weary find rest,
Tho' keen be the parting and heavy the blow,
I'll think of my boy as he peeps at me now.

Land of the blessed and land of the brave,
Land of the promise, its portal the grave;
Bedecked in the garment now whiter than snow,
I'll think of my boy as he peeps at me now.

Land full of triumph and land full of joy—
If I could, oh ! I would not recall thee, my boy ;
Begone to thy pain and thy fevered brow,
I'll think of my boy as he peeps at me now.

Land full of love, little children are there,
And I know the good Shepherd will guard thee with care.
In his bosom He hides thee, my child, oh ! I know,—
I'll think of my boy as he peeps at me now.

Land, happy land ! thy future bright home,
Hail to thy banner, thy palm, and thy crown ;
I'll kiss now the rod, to the sceptre I'll bow,
I'll think of my boy as he peeps at me now.

Land of the living ; hush ! surely a voice
Steals over my sorrow, and bids me rejoice ;
Tho' the death of my child should my heart overflow,
I'll think of my boy as he peeps at me now.

FROM A SERMON BY THE REV. — MONTGOMERY.

CHRIST RAISING THE WIDOW'S SON.

COME, come along, thou weeping one, and listen, will you
hear ?

Not all alone, not all alone, for Jesus he is near.

Hark, listen now, He bids thee stop a moment just to gaze,
Now full of pity, full of love, He waits the dead to raise.

How tenderly He now doth stand and bid thee check that
tear ;

See, see you now, the outstretched hands, thou lonely widow,
there.

Oh ! now to catch his loving words—how gentle is the tone—
' Young man arise and go thy way, and take thy mother home.'

Oh ! what a wondrous, wondrous hour, how joyous is the
glow,

Amazing love, amazing power, what rapture now doth flow.
Beside the tomb, in sorrow's gloom, how glowing is the blaze,
In darkest night yet all is bright—He comes the dead to raise.

How sweet, how sweet are words like these to many a weeping
one;

How many a widowed mother left to mourn her only son,
To tread alone the dreary path, so sad, so full of gloom—
With aching heart, ah, must she part, and leave him at the
tomb?

To leave him at the silent tomb, and shall he always stay?
Hark! what is this? No, no, my Saviour meets me in the
way;

And this is what I hear him say—He too shall rise again,
And meet thee there, where all is fair, and free from sin and
pain.

Yes, blessed be our God for this, the mourner soon shall
meet

Each dear one parted from him here, in love at Jesus' feet;
The widow's son must part again when little time is o'er,
But we, thro' ages all along, shall meet to part no more.

MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY.

FAIR child, we come with a smile to thee,

Hark, listen awhile we say—

To thy joyous brow and childish glee,

'Many happy returns of the day.'

Fair child, we come with a music note
That chimeth its lusty lay,
And wafts the air with its gentle float —
‘ Many happy returns of the day.’

Fair child, we come, we come in a throng
That merrily danceth away,
Aye, danceth away to the air of the song—
‘ Many happy returns of the day.’

Fair child, we come, 'tis a brilliant scene,
When the heart and the home betray,
While we burst afresh to our starlight queen,
‘ Many happy returns of the day.’

Fair child, we come, and we ask that flowers
May gracefully strew thy way,
And greetings for thee overhang in their bowers—
‘ Many happy returns of the day.’

Fair child, we come; hush, over the hill,
When the shade of the eve gathers gray,
Oh ! surely a whisper shall float for thee still—
‘ Many happy returns of the day.’

JESUS, SPARE HIM.

JESUS, bow thy gracious ear,
Listen to thy suppliant's prayer ;
Look with pity, look with love,
From thy mercy-seat above.
Jesus, spare him, spare him.

In the hour of sorrow, sadness,
Send, oh ! send a ray of gladness ;
In his sickness make his bed,
Soothe his brow and calm his head.
Jesus, spare him, spare him.

Gently, gently lay thy hand,
Spare the stroke and by him stand ;
Still, oh ! still the throbbing brow,
'Peace be to thee,' whisper now.
Jesus, spare him, spare him.

Jesus, Saviour, loved ones weep,
O'er that bed they stealthy peep ;
Glance, oh ! glance thy loving eye,
Bid the tear-washed cheek be dry.
Jesus, spare him, spare him.

Friends and dear ones cluster round—
Could a glimpse of hope be found ?
Hark ! a still small voice doth float—
Fling, O fling thy anchor, Hope.
Jesus, spare him, spare him.

Hush, a silent beckon steals,
Lovingly it lulls, it heals ;
Cast away those doubts and fears,
Now I know my Saviour hears.
Jesus, spare him, spare him.

WHY WEEPEST THOU ?

WHY weep for thy baby ? Come, dry up the tear,
For there floateth a whisper—She cannot be here ;
But she's gone far away, far away to the land
Where the dear little children—a glorious band—
Encircle the throne of a Saviour's love :
Far away, far away, thy baby's above.

Why weep for thy baby ? Oh ! ne'er heard ye tell
That the lambs of the fold in his bosom do dwell,
That the Shepherd so gentle who guideth his sheep,
Would fondle the little ones ? Woman, why weep ?
Why weep for thy baby ? Oh ! surely she's there,
And she sparkles a gem in the crown of His care.

Why weep for thy baby ? Oh ! sorry and sad,
Had she lingered on earth, scarce a ray that was glad ;
But now, surely now, there be-peepeth a smile,
And thy dear little angel floats o'er thee awhile ;
And even her tiny voice seemeth to cry—
Why weep for thy baby that's home in the sky ?

Why weep for thy baby ? Come, bid her adieu,
She's only a little while lost to thy view ;
But surely her joy and her glory's untold,
She's safe in the garner, she's safe in the fold ;
She's safe in the ark, so holy, so blest :
Why weep for thy baby ? Thy baby's at rest.

THE MARINER'S GRAVE.

Hush ! softly he sleeps in the mariner's grave,
In the murmuring sea, 'neath the silvery wave ;
No tablet to mark where the stranger can creep,
Where the mourner can stray and the widow can weep ;
Yet surely, methinks, he hath ranked with the brave,
And 'tis noble to sleep in a mariner's grave.

No willow is drooping to show us the spot,
Yet there whispereth, Soft, he can ne'er be forgot,
For he seemeth to peep from the bright blue sea,
And to beckon a smile, sad heart, for thee ;

While there sacredly seemeth to float on the wave—
How soft is the sleep in the mariner's grave.

But a little while, and the mother so bright,
Is counting the time with a fond delight,
And the children are dancing in merriest glee,
For father is coming, is coming from sea.
To be first to welcome is all they crave,
But—a crash—and he sinks in a mariner's grave.

But the other day, and the little child
Was running about on the shore so wild;
And I wondered the wife, who is now so sad,
But the other day should be all so glad;
But the wife was not able the husband to save
And she weeps, for he hides in a mariner's grave.

Yet hush ! to the whisper that seemeth to float,
And to strike the heart with a silvery note :
The friend of the widow will wipe the tear,
And the God of the fatherless waits to cheer,
And only hark, He will ride on the wave,
And guard with His arm the mariner's grave.

DEAR MOTHER WHISPERS PEACE.

We gather around, and we scatter the tear,
And it seemeth 'tis good to be weeping here.
The world is all dreary, and drowsy, and sad,
And there seems not a spark that can whisper of glad.

We gather around, and we silently gaze,
And we hark for her voice that was wont to be raised;
But hush, there's a void, and a silence doth creep,
And it seems but to welcome the willow to sleep.

We gather around, and the tomb, oh! the tomb,
It seems to come rolling and crushing with gloom;
And yet there's a voice that will whisper in spite,
And it echoes, and echoes—Thy vision is bright.

Come, gather around, see, see me afar,
How I glitter more brilliant than sun, moon, or star;
My children, my children, good-bye to my pain.
Say, would'st thou now have me to suffer again?

Come, gather around, my children, and see
Thy mother's not lost, but she hovers o'er thee;
And sweet was the moment, and blest was the shroud
That wrapt me, my children, this beautiful cloud.

Come, gather around, my children, and see
How I'm peeping, and peeping, smiling o'er thee ;
Come, dry up the tear, and welcome the fleece,
That whispers, and whispers—Dear mother's at peace.

THE LITTLE GIPSY GIRL.

HER bushy head was thick with curls,
All matted and uncombed ;
Her sparkling eyes were bright as pearls,
While through the fields she roamed.

Her little legs, exposed and bare,
They danced and pranced along ;
She seemed to know no sorrow, care,
To mar her bonny song.

I stood and gazed upon the child,
She looked so wildly sweet ;
She turned around, and gaily smiled,
And seemed quite pleased to meet.

Then on again, with rapid pace,
This little gipsy bound,
Her very footsteps seemed they graced
The wild romantic ground.

I smiled and wafted her a nod,
She quickly played it back ;
Then on again, across the sod,
She gaily 'sued her track.

I watched and watched, my heart it burned
For something yet to say ;
It seemed some lesson might be learned
The while she ran away.

I pondered to myself, and said,
This tattered gipsy girl,
With jet black eyes and ragged head,
Can happiness unfurl.

There's many a royal coronet,
And many a princely brow,
A gipsy girl could envy yet
Her peaceful bosom now.

There's many a gay and dazzling head,
And many an aching breast,
Could long thy banished lot instead,
And have their cares at rest.

Come, come, my little gipsy friend,
But once more smile on me,
Then run, thy happy day to spend
In frolic, sport, and glee,

Then seek at dusk thy woodland hut,
There by the mill-stream's pour ;
Or is it there, by the hazel-nut,
Or the brink of the sea-side roar ?

Good-bye, good-bye, yet loth to part,
A thought I gently send ;
Heaven bless, preserve, protect thine heart,
My little gipsy friend.

THE MIDNIGHT SONNET.

Hush ! in the still of the night I hear,
'Midst the father's sigh and the mother's tear,
So strangely mingled the sob with the song—
Beautiful angel, sleep, sleep on.

Oh ! the hectic flush and the fevered brain,
Begone to the night with the bed of its pain,
How sweet is the whisper that follows along—
Beautiful angel, sleep, sleep on.

Hark to the sonnet, the song of the night,
Come, seraph sister, hail we thy flight,
Weary and faint we welcome among—
Beautiful angel, sleep, sleep on.

Brothers and sisters, dry up the tear,
Soft be the pillow that nestles her here;
Schoolfellows, playmates, join in the song—
Beautiful angel, sleep, sleep on.

Hail to the morn thy spirit that freed,
Springtime and youth transplanted indeed
Unto the land where sorrow's unknown—
Beautiful angel, sleep, sleep on.

Hallow'd the hillock, the grave, and the sod;
Sweet be the thought thou art home with thy God;
Even the knell strikes out with its dong—
Beautiful angel, sleep, sleep on.

Oh ! from her beautiful pillow above,
Could we recall the child of our love ?
No, cries the mother, with tremulous tongue—
Beautiful angel, sleep, sleep on.

Beautiful angel, sleep on, sleep on,
'Neath the shade of the cross and the blood-wrought crown.
Glory to God ! thy victory's won—
Beautiful angel, sleep, sleep on.

MY SISTER'S GRAVE.

OH ! tell me what's that yonder turf
That gently lies upon the earth.
I think it is some well-loved place
Where oft you love your steps to trace.

Ah yes, why don't you know 'tis there
Where lies my little sister dear ;
Her sickly frame I recollect,
Her gentle voice I can't forget.

A sudden death, a sudden death,
Our favourite, favourite sister met ;
But sure, to us this hope is given,
Our well-loved sister's now in heaven.

Ah ! I remember, just at last,
The schoolmates of my sister's class,
To her their last attention paid,
They followed onward to her grave.

Then as we stood around her grave,
There, there our last fond look we gave,
And there from every eye was shed
A tear, to water the sleeper's bed.

Then Sabbath teachers there were four,
Who to the grave our sister bore,
And serious was the look they gave
When in the ground her frame they laid.

And then, oh then, our minister,
His very look 'twas, Do not fear ;
Why do you weep, and shed that tear ?
She is in heaven—she is not here.

She is an angel robed in white,
Praising her God both day and night ;
She is in heaven, yes, that is where—
Follow her on and meet her there.

Now is there nothing we can do,
Once more, our sister dear, for you ?
Ah no, but oft we'll love to trace
Thy quiet, peaceful resting place,

And as we gaze upon the turf
We'll think that thou wast pluck'd from earth,
But now, oh now, to thee is given,
A crown of glory bright in heaven.

And Jesus, Saviour, heavenly friend,
Guide, bless, and keep us to the end,
Then wing our souls to thee above,
To sing the triumphs of thy love.

And then, oh then, our joy will be,
Our sister dear again to see,
When we shall share this happy state—
Oh, grant it, Lord, for Jesus' sake !

INDIAN MUTINY.

WHILE some in chariots vainly trust,
And seek for strength of war,
And in their fulness make a boast,
And wield their sword and spear.

'Tis not for others thus to fight,
Though just as anxious, they
Would seek to quell with all their might,
The victory to sway.

For who are they on England's shore ?
They cannot reach that land,
Maybe some loved one's gone before
They cannot now command.

The husband gone, with wife behind,
She hears no tidings yet,
Her heart it beats, it throbs, it burns,
Suspense her anguish threat.

Perchance some fond, fond mother's there,
She heaves a stifled sigh.
Hush ! hark, I hear her say—O where
Art thou, my darling boy ?

Or say, some brother fondly tied
By all that's dear, yet he,
The brother's joy, the sister's pride,
Aghast in mutiny.

O where can friends now turn to find
The help they fain would have ?
The wife, the mother, left behind,
Each longed, but could not save.

O is there nothing left, that each
Could help to 'suage the fright ?
Bold Indians' tyranny to reach,
Where madmen wildly fight ?

Ah no ! methinks there's nothing left,
Our chariots all are vain,
Our horses now may all be swept,
As worthless, with the slain.

But hark ! I sudden catch the sound,
On Britain's anxious shore
Ten thousand hearts all cluster round,
And drooping, rise once more.

O where can victory now be found ?
It rings thro' England's air,
Horses and chariots vainly sound,
We'll seek alone in prayer.

O Lord ! our God, look down, look down,
And with Thy servants be,
With blood-besprinkled banners crown
Triumphant victory.

TO A YOUNG LADY ON HER WEDDING DAY.

FAIR lady, see us coming, see us coming to thee now,
With the wreath of orange blossoms we must deck thy snowy
brow ;
And see, we bring the bridal robe, and in it thee we hide,
While smiles are waving everywhere around our youthful bride.

Fair lady, see us coming, bedecked in all that's gay,
We cluster round, all greeting thee, queen of the bridal day !
Fair lady, see, we wreath for thee, from all our choicest bowers,
Fond tokens of affection, twined in nature's loveliest flowers.

Fair lady, see us coming. Hark ! the busy chariot wheel
Comes dashing gracefully along amidst the merry peal,
And surely now I catch a sound come floating softly on—
Sweet harmony, sweet melody, ring out the bridal song !

Fair lady, see us coming. Hush ! thine eyes seek only he,
Borne on the hallowed wings of love, the heart that pants for
thee ;

Yet hear united voices that burst on every side—

Hail ! Life, and health, and happiness—the bridegroom and
the bride !

THE GRAVE-DIGGER'S TEAR.

Oh ! the grave-digger there, with pickaxe and spade,
Is busily tracing a little one's grave,
So silent and still, by the side of a mound,
And there seems not a murmur to ruffle the ground.

I gaze on in silence ; he seems to me sad,
And his countenance beams not a spark that is glad ;
There seems not a spark that can whisper of cheer,
And I think I can see that he brushes a tear.

He hideth his face, and his rustic brow
Betokens the thrill of his anguish now,
And a side-way glance at the sod that's near,
And the grave-digger sobs—My child lies here.

Now on, on again, the axe and the spade ;
But oh ! 'tis a task, this little one's grave.
'Tis the side-way turf, with its memory dear,
And it falleth again, the grave-digger's tear.

With tremulous hand he breaketh the clay,
And it seemeth he must, he must give way;
He buries his face, and he bathes with a tear,
And he points out another with mother lies here.

Yet soft be the whisper that stealeth the earth,
And fond be the echo that ruffles the turf.
With guardian angels I'll banish my fear,
And water the sod with the grave-digger's tear.

WATCHING A CHILD ASLEEP.

SLEEP, FLORENCE, SLEEP.

SLEEP, Florence, sleep, beneath thy golden tresses,
Bright be the visions that o'er thy pillow peep,
Fond are the hearts that steal with soft caresses,
Beating swiftly over thee with, Sleep, Florence, sleep.

Sleep, Florence, sleep; thy tiny eyelids closing,
A silken thread of scarlet thy velvet lip doth keep;
Each snowy cheek of marble hath gently there reposing
A blushing rose that whispereth, Sleep, Florence, sleep.

Sleep, Florence, sleep; thou know'st no thought of sorrow,
Guileless and free, 'twere far from thee to weep;
But childhood's sweetest slumber be-dreams a happy morrow,
While 'neath its plume it nestles thee with, Sleep, Florence,
Sleep.

Sleep, Florence, sleep; a timid footstep hideth;

Hush! so softly, softly now, it near thy bed doth creep,
While hark! a mother's blessing it surely now betideth,
And she ends Good-night, God bless thee! with Sleep,
Florence, sleep.

Sleep, Florence, sleep, while angel forms are winging,
And bidding happy slumber thy gentle eyelids steep;
Oh! I surely catch the echo of their seraph voices singing,
And bidding thee to join them in thy sleep, Florence, sleep.

THE EMPTY CHAIR.

COMPANION of my bosom, oh! whither hast thou fled?
And must I seek in solitude the living with the dead?
And must the fond, fond voice and form, that once my heart
did cheer,
Be hushed, be lost for ever now, behind the empty chair?

Fond memory glideth over, and willeth just to peep,
Then strays behind the curtain where the mourner loves to weep.
Yes, loves to weep, for oh! it soothes the heart to linger where
Affection's tie hath twined around the dear old empty chair.

The lonely step that totters now with weary, stealthy tread,
Light and alert had once a charm, like music's sound, instead!
But now, oh! now, with hallowed pace, t'is sacred to be there
With holy muse to linger round the dear old empty chair.

The dear old empty chair: hush! hark!—a voice I surely
hear;
Some gentle hand comes softly now, and wipes away my tear,
And only bids me follow on, with holy hope and prayer,
Companion of my bosom, far beyond the empty chair.

DREAMING OF MOTHER.

DREAM not, dearest mother, in silence dream not
I'm lost in the distance and thou art forgot.
No, no, there's a voice far away o'er the sea—
I'm dreaming so fondly, dear mother, of thee.

Forbid dearest mother should sit down and weep
When, far o'er the billow, a fond eye doth peep;
Though down in the diggings hid deep I may be,
Yet fondly I'm dreaming, dear mother, of thee.

The beautiful sea, how it furlth the foam,
While proudly it hideth the wanderer's roam;
Yet surely behind it there whispereth he,
Aye, fondly I'm dreaming, dear mother, of thee.

Dear, happy old England, she hoisteth her sail,
And bids me again brave the tide and the gale;
The splashing waves sparkle and laugh in their glee,
While fondly I'm dreaming, dear mother, of thee.

Though hid from my home and my mother by far,
In the dusk of the eve there's a bright little star ;
I gaze at its twinkle, and fancy I see
My mother, while fondly I'm dreaming of thee.

And then in the quiet, the hush of the night,
What is it that maketh my slumber more light ?
Oh ! surely 'tis this that be-pilloweth me,
'Tis dreaming so fondly, dear mother, of thee.

Down, down in the diggings, brave, hardy and bold,
But what when he comes with his bag full of gold ?
To comfort, support, and sustain who but she,
'Tis this that I'm dreaming, dear mother, of thee.

Then down with the sigh and be waving the cheer,
But fling me a smile, and away with the tear,
And hush to the murmur that floats the blue sea—
I'm dreaming so fondly, dear mother, of thee.

THE HAPPY OLD MAID.

So cosy and snug, by her cheerful fire-side
She sitteth alone in the height of her pride,
So prim and so neat, with her lily white cap,
And her snowy white apron thrown over her lap ;
Oh ! who would not envy the dignified grade,
And the undisturbed life of a happy old maid ?

No husband to grumble, no children to brood,
On the quiet old dame who would dare to intrude ?
She sitteth and stroketh the little black cat
That purrs by her side on its snug little mat,
And nobody dareth to make her afraid,
So snug is the life of a little old maid.

Now darning her stockings—no hole to be seen,
From her cap to her toe she is tidy and clean ;
And see you the tippet, or neat little shawl
Pinned over her shoulders—and this is not all ;
See, see round her neck, at the frill that is laid,
As the finishing stroke to the little old maid.

Now onward she toddles to market ; ah, there,
Her pattens or clogs she is certain to wear,
And her neat parasol or umbrella must take,
And she buyeth her chop and her nice little cake,
And she fancies the married ones strangely have stray'd,
For they can't have the peace of a quiet old maid.

Now home again, home, she unlatcheth the door,
And she rubbeth her shoes, for the boards of her floor
Are as white as the snow, and it seemeth the while
She enters, they playfully peep up and smile ;
And the tit little kettle, long, long it hath played
With its song on the hob, for the happy old maid.

Now, down with her window blind, fastened with care,
She shuts up her house—now her nice easy chair

Quite close to the fire—who cosy as she,
The happy old maiden sits down to her tea ;
And she glories in this, that her life's in the shade,
And she lives unmolested—a happy old maid.

MY POOR LITTLE MOTHERLESS BABE.

HUSH ! softly he sighs while he bendeth him now,
And he watcheth the sleep of that fond little brow,
And he tenderly fancies her features doth steep
The tear that he drops on his baby asleep.
Oh ! wife of my youth, how untimely the grave,
That hath snatched thee from me and thy poor little babe !
How fondly I pondered and dreamt of the wife
That should be my companion and sunshine in life !
Oh ! how proudly I watched her and dreamt of the day
That should smile on the bride and should steal her away !
Oh ! surely it seems 'tis a dream of the night,
That she 's left me with baby and fled from my sight.
Oh ! I fancied that roses my floweret should be,
In the life I should spend, oh, so happy with thee !
I thought that its beauty my life should adorn,
But the rose it hath drooped, and hath left me the thorn.
Yet hush to my grief that would flow like a flood,
For my rose it hath left me one beautiful bud.
Then how sacred the sigh and how sacred the tear,
That shall water my bud and shall help me to bear.

How lovely the fragrance that soon shall be thrown,
When the bud shall expand and the rose shall be blown !
Oh ! how lovely, methinks, we will deck out her grave,
While she peeps up and smiles on her poor little babe !

THE ORANGE BLOSSOM.

Fair flower of England's garden ! we greet the happy morn
When fond and eager hearts and hands must wake thee to
adorn ;
The bridal robe is ready—see, it waiteth for thee now,
And the wreath of orange blossom waits to twine around thy
brow.

Fair flower of England's garden ! how oft the beauteous rose
Hath played beneath thy fingers, or thy bosom lent repose,
And fairest flowers have smiled beneath thy loving hand,
but now
The wreath of orange blossom laughs, to deck thy blushing brow.

Fair flower of England's garden ! we hear the busy wheel,
The chariot comes ; hush ! hark !—it dasheth 'midst the merry
peal ;
And hark ! what meaneth this ? I hear sweet music greeting now
The wreath of orange blossom that must hang around thy brow.

Fair flower of England's garden ! the timid daisy peeps,
Uplifting now its modest head, a jealous watch it keeps,
As if it thinks the hand that loved must bid a farewell now,
The wreath of orange blossom must wave around thy brow.

Fair flower of England's garden ! the mighty ocean's foam
Floats on for thee a whisper from thy future happy home ;
See yonder natives waiting with a welcome for thee now,
To hail old England's daughter with her orange-blossomed brow.

Fair flower of England's garden ! May never sorrow, care,
Be thine, but every happiness attend the bridal pair,
And hear us while we fondly pray—may God defend thee now,
And fix the orange blossom, with His blessing, on thy brow !

THE BATTLE OF NAWABGUNGE,

FOUGHT ON JUNE 13, 1858.

WHAT those distant sounds I hear,
Calling bravest hearts to fear ?
Cannon-balls come bounding on,
Rolling now our troops among.

Now again another bang,
While the very air it rang ;
Now another—there it goes—
Powder, shot, unsparing flow.

Soldiers now their footprints trace,
Marching on with warlike pace ;
English soldiers—hearts so brave,
Fight again—your country save !

Sepoy rebels dare to face,
Englishmen of British grace ;
From yon trenches form a line,
Brave, brave soldiers, forward shine !

Cut them down and stand their ground,
There where'er a Sepoy's found ;
Show them this fair English play,
Let them see you win the day.

England's troops with England's God
Marching o'er the battle sod,
Here's the secret, nobly grand,
Where brave English soldiers stand.

English soldiers, few among,
Clash the Sepoys thousands strong !
Scattered now, they frightened run,
At the first fair English gun.

British soldiers tired and faint,
Nightly marchings, weary taint,
Hangs about them, and forlorn,
Sleepless nights, they hail the morn.

Longing, waiting, watching ; stop,
All at once a cannon shot
Bids them up and on alight,
Face the foe and nobly fight.

Now the Sepoys stand aghast,
True brave Englishmen at last
Give them first three English cheers,
Now commence, the battle rears.

Bang the gun and bounce the ball,
Sepoy hundreds now they fall,
While the British bravely stand,
Waving now their banner grand.

England's God with out-stretched hand
Still conducts and bids them stand;
Once more on our armies see
Stamped the English victory!

AN ACROSTIC.

WELCOME HOME.

WELCOME, thou gentle monitor of love and peace!
Ever around thy path twine we the floweret.
Love, deeply stamped, doth surely furrow thy simple brow.
Come to the arms of us who wait thee.
On speed thy way, unruffled be thy calm,
Mother of Excellence—say, shall we style thee?
Even so, gently ascends the whisper.
Home! how joyous strikes the sound! the ear
On which it falls breaks into music,
Murmuring softly, sweetly—Hush! away with roam!
Enter once more, thou absent one, and greet sweet welcome home.

*ON THE DEATH OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE CONSORT.*

HARK! the voice of sudden anguish
Bursts from yonder palace gate;
See him prostrate, see him languish,
Thousands, millions, mourn his fate.

See the wife of wives a widow,
Princely children bow their heads,
Hanging o'er that stately pillow,
Loth to quit its sleeping dead!

England's model man of beauties
Can it be, thus snatched away?
Leaving unfulfilled those duties
He had eager watched the day.

Watch'd the day when thousand voices
Should unite to hail his fame,
Bursting in with glad rejoices,
Shouting welcome to his name!

When within those piles so glistening,
Eager hearts of every rank
Fain would hoist their banner, listening
For his footsteps—what a blank!

Hush ! a whisper soft comes stealing
Over, while I'm lost in thought ;
Hark ! so gently now 'tis pealing—
Surely 'tis his voice we sought !

Listen ; catch that hallowed beckon,
See that smile 'neath yonder cloud,
Cast aside whate'er would threaten,
View him not beneath his shroud.

See him in his palace, loftier
Than the gems of earth afford ;
See him gaze from pillars, costlier
Than that building richly stored.

Albert ! yes, the while we mourn thee,
Yet we'll cast a longing eye,
Trace thy footsteps and adorn thee,
Fancying still that thou art by.

And thy name shall bend the willow
Gently o'er each English heart,
Whispering soft—Defend the widow,
Be her guide and counterpart.

THE HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD.

SWEET wafts the thought of the day of my childhood,
When in the circle of home I had place,
And in the light-hearted spirit of boyhood,
I with my brothers and sisters did grace
Home, sweet home—the home of my childhood.

Now, on the shores of a far, foreign nation,
Here, 'mid the strangers I meet, I must roam,
Wide in the distance I take up my station,
Far from the land of my youthful home,
Home sweet home—the home of my childhood.

Home of my childhood! when to my mother
Often I listened with gladsome ear;
Severed tho' now from sister and brother,
Where is the hearth that my youth did cheer?
Home, sweet home—the home of my childhood.

Thoughts of the past, oh! how do they brighten!
While on the future I'm verging my way,
I dream of the past, and my heart it doth lighten—
Surely it seems I were there but to-day.
Home, sweet home—the home of my childhood.

Often the dream of my fancy comes sweeping,
Wide o'er the ocean I waft back a smile,
Into the window of home I am peeping,
There with my friends on that beautiful isle.
Home, sweet home—the home of my childhood.

Often and often in fancy I'm musing
While at my post I am toiling away,
Crowded with scenes of the foreign, yet choosing
Thoughts on the past, they go dancing away.
Home, sweet home—the home of my childhood.

Then in my stranger land when I am walking,
Tinkles the echo wherever I roam,
The friends that I meet with are struck with my talking,
Telling so much of my wonderful home.
Home, sweet home—the home of my childhood.

When silent my slumbers I feel a faint darting,
So softly, so gently it floats o'er my head;
It whispers and whispers—this scarcely is parting—
In happy old England I think is my bed.
Home, sweet home—the home of my childhood.

Yet far far away my bosom is burning,
And wide float the waves of the ocean between;
I think of the home that's behind, and I'm yearning
To catch but a glimpse 'neath the wild intervene.
Home, sweet home—the home of my childhood.

.

Fancy's soft whisper again it comes creeping,
Sweet wafts the message of love on its float;
Nearer and nearer thy home thou art leaping,
Brighter and better than that is its note.
Home, sweet home—the home of my childhood.

I halt, and I muse, and I'm stricken with wonder,
Force's grasp raises my eye o'er my head;
'Tis absence that causes the heart to grow fonder,
This is the home that awaits me instead
Of home, sweet home—the home of my childhood.

Oh! for the home that 's before me I'm thirsting,
All that I love may I meet with them there,
Fresh from the depths of my heart it comes bursting,
Saviour, oh! gather and nestle us there!
Home, sweet home—the home of our haven.

THE POPLAR TREE.

Oh! tell me, tell me, what is this, that seems to strike a note?
It tinkles down the rustic stalk, so stealthy is its float;
A kind of hallowed sacred touch there settles all around,
While every footstep seems to leave a print that seems to
sound—

The poplar tree.

Oh! tell me, tell me, what is this? the people crowd and throng,
And when they reach the poplar tree they send one hush along;
It seems some strange event hath caused attention's mutest ear;
See, see the hundreds, thousands now, all come and cluster near

The poplar tree.

Oh! tell me, tell me, what is this? for oh! I long to know.
The celebrated Spurgeon lifts his voice with preaching to
Thousands, and thousands cluster round, they come from far
and near,

All wrapt within one quiet'maze they view the form that's here—

The poplar tree.

Oh! tell me, tell me. Stop, a voice with sudden thunder's roar,
And lightning's vivid flash that sweeps, while rain in torrents
pour;

Here is the spot, the hallowed spot—the finger-post to heaven,
A pilgrim halted near its trunk, his shelter here was given.

The poplar tree.

Oh! tell me, tell me, once again, yes, here his footsteps stayed,
While now a flash—a fatal flash—of lightning round him played;
Yet hush! 'twas surely nothing but a blaze of heavenly light
Flinging its shadows 'neath the clouds, to set and guide him right

The poplar tree.

The poplar tree, the poplar tree, its tall and stately head,
While to his God it pointed him it covered too his bed;
Then gently 'neath its waving boughs he laid him down to sleep,
While—stranger, be ye ready too, this epitaph shall keep.

The poplar tree.

HUSH ! FATHER'S ASLEEP.

Hush ! father's asleep, then softly, softly tread
With silent stealthy creep around his long and narrow bed,
And murmur not a whisper that should daunt his peaceful
brow,
But gently draw the curtain, not a stir must enter now.

Hush ! father's asleep ; how tranquil and how blessed,
The aged pilgrim lays him down where all the weary rest,
The tottering step that oft hath fagg'd beneath its weight
hath sped,
And now a peaceful slumber waits to rest his weary head.

Hush ! father's asleep. At last his throbbing breast
Hath found the blissful bower, and he settles in its nest ;
Though long and weary on the road, 'tis over and 'tis past,
How sweetly now he lays him down and falls asleep at last.

Hush ! father's asleep ; yet oh, with silent tread
We'll linger round the hillock of the dear departed dead,
And we will chase the dewy drop, forbid that we should
weep
For hush, the road was weary, long, but father's gone to sleep.

AN ACROSTIC.

ROLLING over the silvery tide of life's gay bosom, tost
Onward, brave as the mariner, though every hope were lost,
Bound for the distant landing-place, a hero braving all,
Even the flash, the thunder-storm, the tempest, and the squall ;
Ride nobly o'er the foaming wave, thy little life-boat steer,
Till, smiling in the distance, shall the honoured lighthouse
cheer.

Come next, and gently gaze around, o'erlooking life's rough
sea,
And catch the whispering murmur of the ocean's song for
thee ;
Rise, once more rise, and manfully raise ye the rigging now,
Time-honoured fame, mount, mount its wing, and settle round
thy brow !
Enter thy cabin peaceful when thy tide shall cease to float,
Rest, sweetly rest thy weary head, safe in the brave life-boat.

' THY WILL BE DONE.'

THY will be done, my Father, now,
Tho' sharp the pang and keen the blow,
Yet help thy child to kiss the rod,
And cry—Thy will be done, my God !

Thy will be done ! Tho' snatched so soon,
Ere scorching sun could blight thy noon,
My blooming boy ; yet, Lord, 'tis sweet,
To know again we soon shall meet.

Thy will be done ! How hallow'd, blest,
To know my darling's safe at rest.
Hush, hark ! a whisper floats the sod—
Yes, safe at home, my Saviour God.

Thy will be done ! Tho' childhood's shrine
The mother's heart doth fondly twine ;
Yet oh ! 'tis sweet, 'tis sweeter far,
To shine above, my tiny star.

Thy will be done ! My star gives light,
Illumines yet my dreary night,
Its tiny twinkle seems to say—
Dear mother, cheer, 'tis dawning day.

Thy will be done ! Its brilliant ray,
It seems to steal my soul away ;
It seems to soothe the mother's gloom,
And strike its shade beyond the tomb.

Thy will be done ! Shall I repine,
To know my darling is divine ?
No, no ; begone to silent grief,
Thy will be done is yet relief.

Thy will be done ! Tho' one soft tear
Should steal my cheek, 'tis but to cheer,
To water now the sacred clod,
Thy will be done ! my God, my God !

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

Oh ! could I follow India's shore,
And bathe with trickling tear,
My soldier brother, yet once more
His voice but could I hear.

Oh ! could I stand his grave beside,
Beside that hallowed spot
Keep stealthy watch, or with him hide,
And share his lonely lot.

My brother, oh ! my brother, yet
But once more smile on me ;
Thy boyhood days can I forget,
When home I shared with thee ?

In fancy still I see thy form,
And think I hear thy voice;
I think thy distance wafts a charm,
And bids my heart rejoice.

I almost fancy thou art here,
On England's happy shore;
Imagination draws thee near,
And saith, Begone no more.

I gaze upon thy portrait now,
It seems to speak to me.
Hush, hark! I think it tells me how
I still may live with thee.

I think it whispers—Sister dear,
Still, still my banner wave,
Cease, chase that sigh and falling tear,
And look beyond the grave.

I am not now with bloody sword
Still battling in the strife;
The victory, the victory!
See, see my crown of life!

My sister could not stand beside,
Or bathe my dying head;
She could no soothing word betide,
Or make my dying bed.

But listen now, once more give ear,
And catch my ling'ring strain;
My sister, chase that falling tear,
I died not with the slain.

'Tis scarcely death, 'tis only sleep
Upon a foreign shore;
A whisper saith we both shall meet,
Shall meet to part no more.

Shall meet again, for ever bless'd,
Wrapt in his banner brave
Who gives the weary soldier rest
And guards his foreign grave.

THE BRITISH SOLDIER.

GOD DEFEND HIM.

ABSENT friends now cluster round,
Anxious hearts at home are found,
Mingled hope and fear is bound;
Now they hope and now they sigh,
Can you, can you tell me why?
Now I hear one lusty cry—
God defend him!

The British soldier he is there,
Indians' tyranny to share,
While the savage shrink to spare
His life; Oh! what is this? we start,
And impulse fresh, with sudden dart,
Bursts from the English mother's heart—
God defend him!

Defend, defend my soldier-boy,
Be with him there, his stay, his joy,
Shield him with faith that cannot cloy.
If he must fight then help him wield
His sword around the battle-field,
Clinging to Thee, his only shield—
God defend him!

Fond brothers now, and sisters too,
Our anxious thoughts are not a few;
Dear brother there we talk of you.
May heaven's blest hand preserve thee there,
Yet may we meet, with love to share
A brother's joy, we breathe this prayer—
God defend him!

The British soldier God defend,
Old English hearts together blend,
With one consent they upward send.
Each longing heart it pants to hear
Some welcome voice to bid it cheer,
One self-same cry still rings the air—
God defend him!

Stop : in the distance now I hear
A gentle voice say—Mother, dear,
With brothers, sisters, chase that fear ;
God is my hope, my strength, my stay,
In him I trust by night, by day,
He cannot turn this prayer away—
God defend him !

THE HAPPY FARMER.

Who would not be a farmer
With his blithe and merry song,
His whistle clear while his way doth steer
'Mid the farm-yard's happy throng.

With his cattle grazing round him,
Or smacking his waggon whip,
Oh ! I see him now with a smile on his brow,
While the little lambkins skip.

Now over the hillock trudging,
'Mid the sweet and gentle breeze,
Not a single cloud does his bright eye shroud
But the shade of the waving trees.

No noise of the crowded city,
Beset with its clatter and din,
But a free free pace can his pathway trace,
And a rose on his cheek can win.

Oh ! give me the joys of a farmer,
To the idle life begone,
And the chimney-side shall at eventide
Wind up with the farmer's song.

AN ACROSTIC.

WIFE of my bosom, oh ! follow me on
Into the land of bright glory I've won ;
Land of the blessed and land of the free,
Land of the ransomed that waiteth for thee,
Into its gates with the banner of praise,
And to its anthems now lustily raise
Music and harmony—sweet are their lays.

Land of the angels that beckon me on,
And to my harp they are tuning my song ;
Now for my triumph and now for my joy,
Glory to God ! not a shadow can cloy.
Shadows may hover and shadows may fall,
Land of the living, my Father will draw
Even the curtain that seems to impede ;
Yield thee ! he cries, and my spirit is freed.

Come to me now ; he welcomes me, see,
On to the bosom that waiteth for me.
Why will ye slacken and why will ye weep ?
Did he not lull me and pillow my sleep ?
Even the widow he'll comfort and keep.
Rally, oh ! rally, my children, and soar,
Yes, to the land that shall part us no more !

THE SICK CHILD'S PRAYER.

Oh Lord ! I raise my heart to Thee,
Do Thou in mercy hear :
Look down in pity now on me,
And hear a sick child's prayer.

Oh ! wash my heart in Jesus' blood
And make it white and clean ;
Oh ! bathe me in that precious flood,
That pure and blessed stream.

Oh ! raise my thoughts far, far above
A sick child's bed of pain,
And fix them on the land of love,
Lord, hear my prayer again.

Oh ! make me patient, gentle, mild,
And help me all to bear.
Lord Jesus, smile upon thy child,
And hear my simple prayer.

About my dying bed be near,
And help me all to bear ;
Lord Jesus, wipe my latest tear,
Oh ! hear a sick child's prayer.

Oh ! Father, Saviour, Shepherd, King,
Redeemer, Christ, be there,
Then on my brilliant wing I'll sing—
Thou heard'st a sick child's prayer.

THE WILD-FLOWER CROSS.

WRITTEN AFTER ARRANGING CROSSES OF WILD FLOWERS ON THE
GRAVES OF MR. AND MRS. BROOMFIELD, LATE OF NEWPORT,
ISLE OF WIGHT.

REST, gentle sleepers, from all your labours now,
No more shall anxious sorrow or trouble cross your brow ;
Sweet slumber now betides ye, no more of care and dross,
But memory fond shall hide ye 'neath the wild-flower cross.

Rest, weary pilgrims, how lovely is the sleep,
The sleep that guardian angels on mounted wings do keep.
We would not now recal ye, but only in your loss,
Would muse and twine it o'er ye, the wild-flower cross.

Rest for the weary ; oh ! 'tis a lovely sound,
How sweetly falls the music that floats the hallowed mound !
The hallowed mound that o'er ye we carpet now with moss,
And strangely, fondly decorate the wild-flower cross.

Rest 'neath the hillock ; the laughing daisy white,
Peeping now above ye with golden cup unite,
And this is what they seem to say—the palm they toss,
While we can only wreath for them the wild-flower cross.

Rest, rest, reclining in one long embrace,
Death's arms entwining round your resting place ;
Seraphs floating o'er ye with a silken floss,
Lulling ye to sleep 'neath the wild-flower cross.

Rest undivided ; one long sweet sleep,
In death united while the angels keep,
Yet still in fond affection and safe emboss,
We leave ye 'neath the shadow of the wild-flower cross.

THE LONG BLACK CLOAK.**FRIENDSHIP IN DISGUISE.**

'Twas autumn's eve, the misty rain
Came drizzling down the hill,
And the clouded moon she tried to peer
Her dim light o'er the dell.

A lonely maiden lingered near
The village churchyard grim,
So soft, so still, no sound was there,
All hushed the twilight dim.

Alone, alone, in silent thought
And pensive mood she strayed,
When lo! her sight a figure caught,
That came towards the maid.

Stop; shall I forward go and trace,
Or shall I turn again,
Go boldly on and bravely face
This figure down the lane?

Hush! gently, softly pass him now,
Huzza! the silence broke,
A kindly greeting only proved—
The cleric in his cloak.

This figure huge, gigantic, tall,
Soon sent me dancing back,
Fond memory traced a sweet recal
Of all my childhood's track.

Tho' years have pass'd since Sunday-school
Of prize and school-treat spoke,
And many a mile hath played between
The school-girl and the cloak.

Yet oh ! sublime the moment now,
The music's burst that broke,
In well-remembered accents thro'
The grimness of the cloak.

Reminding me my childhood's home
Is mine again to share,
Good-bye to all my distant roam,
Once more with friends so dear.

Then while perchance life's future stream
Some lonely road I fear,
I'll brave me on and fondly dream
The curious cloak is near.

And while I fancy I can see
That cloak before mine eyes,
A whisper quaint shall surely be
'Tis friendship in disguise.

Then far away the foolish fear
That dareth me provoke;
True friendship, often near and dear,
Wraps up inside a cloak.

TO A LITTLE GIRL ON A BED OF SICKNESS;

OR,

THE SICK CHILD'S PRAYER.

LORD JESUS, my Shepherd, I cry unto thee,
For thou bad'st little children to come,
My comfort, my succour, my strength for to be,
Lord Jesus, now to thee I run.

In my chamber of sickness be near to my side,
Thy dear little lamb for to heal,
And tenderly draw me and bid me to hide,
And cause me thy presence to feel.

Watch over thy child and nestle me here,
And graciously lull me to rest,
And bid me with patience my sickness to bear,
And help me to feel it is blessed.

And suffer thy dear little lamb to repose
In the bosom that's opened of thine,
And help me to wash in the fountain that flows
For the healing diseases like mine.

Lord Jesus, give ear to my childlike appeal,
Be near to my bedside, now do,
And whisper sweet peace to the billows, and still
All the waves that would me overflow.

And then when again from my bed thou shalt raise
Thy happy young trophy of love,
My heart and my voice shall be bursting thy praise,
And practice to serve thee above.

THE POPLAR TREE.

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND, KILLED BY LIGHTNING WHILE
TAKING SHELTER BENEATH A POPLAR TREE.

WAYFARING stranger, stop and gaze,
A moment spare to me,
Gather, with sacred, holy 'maze,
Beneath the poplar tree.

See you my shattered, shattered form,
A monument to thee,
Wild lightning in a thunder-storm
Stripped the gay poplar tree.

Beneath my tall, gigantic form,
Sheltered one under me,
To wait a while the raging storm,
Beneath the poplar tree.

'Midst roaring thunder, pouring rain,
He sheltered under me ;
But soon a flash of lightning came,
And 'neath the poplar tree.

A sudden shock : he fell, he fell,
Who could that anguish see ?
Prostrate with death his life must quell
Beneath the poplar tree.

No downy pillow props his head,
Nor wife can by him be,
His last, last breath on earth hath sped
Beneath the poplar tree.

Stranger, look up ; beware, beware,
He surely speaks to thee—
To meet thy God, prepare, prepare,
Bursts from the poplar tree.

Perchance some unknown spot is given,
Also awaiting thee ;
Marked as the finger post to heaven,
Be this the poplar tree.

But hark ! amidst all raging fear
'Tis sacred joy to me ;
A kind of music bids me cheer
Beneath the poplar tree.

The flash, the fatal flash that came,
Was all in all to me ;
It spared a bed of sickness, pain,
Beneath the poplar tree.

While heaven, bright heaven, was all the shroud
In death that covered me,
My God o'er head, and not a cloud
Between the poplar tree.

My wife, my wife, and well-loved babes
Shall surely follow me,
While mourner's balm shall strike its shades
Beneath the poplar tree !

THOUGH ABSENT, EVER DEAR.

My boy, my boy, my only boy, and art thou, art thou gone ?
While lands and oceans lie between must I be left alone ?
Tho' oft a thought of thee, my boy, shall mingle with a tear,
Yet still it gently whispers this—Tho' absent, ever dear.

My boy, my boy, and art thou fled, afar from home, sweet
home?

Yet not to mingle with the dead, but distant there to roam,
A stranger land, a foreign shore, a life oft mixed with drear,
Yet hush ! there whispers gently this—Tho' absent, ever dear.

My boy, my boy, I think of thee, when day by day I stud
I fancy thou art near to me, my own, my blooming bud,
I fancy thou art now beside thy mother, standing near,
While still a tinkling whisper comes—Tho' absent, ever dear.

And in my nightly slumbers too, I think, my boy, of thee,
And often, often fondly long my boy could by me be,
And while in fancy's dream I'm lost 'tis floating in the rear,
My boy, my boy, my only boy, though absent, ever dear.

Hark, hark ! I surely in the distance catch a sounding note,
While nearer yet, and nearer still, it wafts its gliding float ;
My mother, dearest mother, come, my very absence cheer,
Thy wayward boy can whisper too—tho' absent, ever dear.

My mother, ah ! my mother, now tho' far and far away,
My constant thoughts are all on thee, I'm nearer every day,
My youthful boyhood's waywardness hath left me standing
clear,
While manhood's beauty bursts afresh, though absent, ever
dear !

AN ACROSTIC.

STEPS to the throne, who taught my youthful soul to climb,
To mount them one by one, and bid me reach its topmost
shrine;

Encouraged, yes, and led along with scarce perceptive trace,
Paternal, almost father-like, with bright and winning grace,
Spirit and life-like, gentle guide, breathe still thy soft embrace.

To cheer and wing my feeble soul on on to realms of bliss
Oh! where could peace, and hope, and joy, be found for me
like this?

The land of love, the land of love! who led me where to find?
His be the praise through Jesus Christ who hath my soul
entwined,
Entwined beneath the canopy of sweetest grace combined.

Throne of the highest! draw, oh, draw my pilgrim spirit on,
Highest of heaven unfold thy light, more brilliant than the
sun;

Rest on the trophy of thy love and bid me higher soar
On to the land where pilgrims rest, and shall go out no more,
Nearer to thee, oh Saviour, God! with all I love to be
Emancipated round thy throne, to triumph there with thee!

THE EXILE'S SMILE.

OH ! is it the sigh of the heaving breast
Unburdens the soul that panteth for rest ?
Or is it the sigh of the convict's moan
That flutters beneath its dismal groan ?
No, surely no, for it flingeth a smile,
And it strangely singeth—Exile, exile.

Oh ! is it the song that perchance is heard,
That twittereth down from the fairy bird ?
Or is it the rustle that whirleth the trees
While they gaily dance in the morning breeze ?
No, surely no, 'tis a song and a smile,
That seemeth to mimic—Exile, exile.

'Tis the sigh, 'tis the song, 'tis the smile that can brave,
Can meet opposition, and cheerfully wave
A flag and a banner no foe can unfurl,
But the height of its hoist protection shall hurl,
And proudly triumphant shall follow the smile
That manfully meeteth—Exile, exile.

Then raise we the sonnet with heart and with song,
Confronting the monster gigantic among,
And raise we the banner high, high over head,
And catch we the echo that bursts from the dead ;
For surely the grave is be-trimmed with the smile
Of heroes that nobled—Exile, exile.

THE BLIND GUIDE.

HARK ! I hear his bonny song,
Pacing now the road along.
Listen ; yes, 'tis surely he,
Chirping now so merrily
O'er the hill and dell so wide,
Welcome now, my noble guide ;
Noble guide, he leads me on,
Can it be my friend, blind John ?
Tells me all the country round,
Seems to know each track of ground,
Leads me up the winding lane,
Turns the corner just the same ;
Now beside the silvery rill,
Rippling there 'neath yonder hill,
Still he leads me safe along
Where the birds their morning song
Warble through each tiny throat,
Chirping now with lusty note.
What could heighten now my pride ?
Such a rove with such a guide.
Now beside the rippling brook,
In and out at every nook ;
Can it be my guide is blind,
Sure he hath a sunbeam twined,
Something hidden twines his path,
Leads the way—he surely hath.

Tell me not my guide is blind,
He wears a bright, enlightened mind.
An intellect that sparkles bright
Lightens well his loss of sight.
Help me now to sound his fame,
Wreath a signal in his name,
Float it o'er the country wide,
And applaud my blind, blind guide.

TO A FRIEND BEREFT ON THE POINT OF MARRIAGE.

'JESUS SAITH UNTO HER, WEEP NOT.'

WEEP not, youthful maiden, come dry up thy tear,
And hark to the voice that is sent thee to cheer;
Though keenest bereavement must enter thy cot,
Yet sweetly there whispereth—Weep, weep not.

Though the cold hand of death must snatch from thy side
The loved one of earth, in whom ye confide;
Though sorrow and sighing must fall to thy lot,
Yet sweetly there whispereth—Weep, weep not.

Though black be the thunderbolt, heavy the blow,
And the weight of its gloom doth thy soul overthrow,
Yet hush! simple maiden, it faltereth not,
But sweetly it whispereth—Weep, weep not.

Hush ! hark to the voice of a Saviour above,
That calleth him home—the child of His love ;
But the marriage is ready, the banquet is got,
And he waiteth at home for thee—Weep, weep not!

THE COTTAGE INVALID.

'Tis just as Father wills it ; mother, could I e'er repine,
When I feel his mighty presence with me, lovingly divine ?
He watches me so tenderly in all my sickness, see,
He makes my bed so softly while He gently nestles me ;
And hark ! He sweetly whispereth—I chasten those I love,
To wean them from this weary world and fix their hearts above.
Then, mother, could I e'er repine ? ah nay, forbid the thought,
That should dare to stand between my soul from loving as I
ought.

The pruning knife must lop the branch, or where would be
the tree ?

How blest to know the Gardener is only pruning me,
To fit me for a higher soil, a holier retreat,
Oh ! to the longing invalid how blessed and how sweet.
To feel the hand that lays me low still cheers and bids me brave,
Assuring me his out-stretched arm is mightier to save.
Oh, mother ! could it ever be to shun this blest retreat,
Nay, blessed bed of sickness, thus to lay me at his feet,
Who gladdens all my sorrows, and who helps me all to bear,
And even too will deign to stoop and wipe my rising tear.

Oh, mother ! once I thought how sweet 'twould be my livelihood to gain,

And even in declining years my parents to maintain ;

I pictured me the cottage girl with merry blooming brow,

Singing away so cheerily beneath the spotted cow,

And feeding all the chickens, too, and then at dusk to come

And tidy up the kitchen hearth and welcome father home.

I often used to picture him within the old arm chair,

And mother in her spectacles, just darning stockings there ;

While, quite the little housewife, I should be so busily

Arranging just their slippers, or be getting out their tea.

And mother, when I think on it my bosom seems to swell,

And then a soft voice whispereth—He doeth all things well.

So mother, do not fear for me, or heave a sigh between,

My bed of sickness is my throne, I'm happy as a queen ;

I would not change my lot for all the wealth of noble guest,

Or highest honours, that should mar my happy, happy rest.

But here, beneath our cottage roof, contentedly would lie,

And sing away my Father's will—a cottager to die.

Though mother, I remember, when I roamed the forest well,

And played, and made a daisy chain, ah yes, I love to tell,

And primroses, and violets, and cowslips gathered too,

And made them into little wreaths and brought them home
to you,

And found you busy washing, and I thought how I would rub,

When I should take dear mother's place, and face the washing-
tub.

[smiled,

But mother, 'twas not thus to be, though father looked and

And kissed the laughing brow of me, his gay and simple child.

Another overruled it, though I cannot tell you why,
But He whispered to me soft and said—I must be sick and die.
He met me in the forest, and He bid me stop my roam,
But I'm happy, oh ! I'm happy, for I know I'm going home.
So mother, though I cannot stay, yet you can follow on
With father in my footprints ; good-bye, I must be gone ;
And when, perchance, you wander through the forest or the
glade,
I know you'll often think of me—your dying cottage maid !

AN ACROSTIC.

COULD we stay thee aged pilgrim, could we stop thee in thy
flight—
Ah, nay, we would but watch and hear thee whispering good-
night.
Pointing to yonder heavenly orb, to yonder cloudless dome,
'Tis music sweet to hear thee say, I'm only going home.
Another moment, hush ! so soft, an angel's voice I hear,
Immortal spirits beckon me and sweetly bid me cheer,
Now now they fold me in their arms and bid begone to fear.
'Tis only death's soft whisper that stealeth o'er me now ;
Rejoicing while I go, they wipe the death-sweat from my brow.
An aged soldier smileth while he lays his armour by—
Vanquished my latest foe, I'm left thus peacefully to die.
Enfolded in the arms of death mine eyelids gently steep ;
Recal fond memory over me, but cease my friends to weep,
Sweet slumber but o'ertakes me now and lulls me off to sleep.

THE PRISONER'S RELEASE.

TELL me not that all is darkness, sorrow, sadness, gloom,
That within the convict's bosom hope can never bloom;
Tell me not that freedom, floating in a golden sheen,
Hath an iron bar, a padlock, or a barrier between.
Nay, tell me not that in the cell the sun can never shine,
Diffusing light and gladness, like some magic all divine.
Hush! what is this? I hear it now, it whispereth so free,
How blest to peer the future with sweet thoughts of liberty,
And in the cell be dreaming of tranquillity and peace,
And pass the hours imagining the prisoner's release;
Or even day by day, with hope afloat and on the wing,
Inspiring every breath to hear the prisoner sit and sing—
Aye, sing of happy freedom that shall yet expand the breast,
When the bird shall cease its moulting and shall flutter from
its nest,
And soaring higher, higher still, shall reach the topmost tree,
And warble yet more mightily—How sweet is liberty!
No more beneath the iron bar he groans, he pants, he sighs,
But leaping from its fetters and exultingly he cries—
Oh, freedom! blessed freedom! thou art dearer far since then;
I lost the key of liberty, but grasp it now again!
Oh, I never knew a freedom!—he cries with voice sublime,
One half so rich and priceless in all life's bygone time;
Oh! I never, never knew the time my bosom thus could swell
And dream away of freedom, as within my prison cell.
Methinks it seems my bygone life hath all been slavery,
And now within my prison cell I'm singularly free;

And while I dream on all the past, a something bids me peace,
That whispereth, and whispereth, the prisoner's release.
Away then, dreary downcast, that dareth mimic me,
I've learnt beneath thy fetters the truest liberty :
I've learnt that e'en in bondage the heart can nobly sway,
And in a beauteous atmosphere can soar and soar away
Far, far beyond thy precincts, thou barricade of wall,
And leave thy grim-like portal, the iron bar and all,
To blush beneath the freedom that hath mantled now my breast
And changed me thus mysteriously, the prisoner at rest ;
No more to quake beneath the grapple of captivity,
My spirit soareth far away in perfect liberty.
Then freedom, sweetest freedom ! mantle me within thy fleece,
And my soul shall sing in fetters of the prisoner's release!

THE DROOPING SNOWDROP.

My lovely little snowdrop droops
Its pure and simple head,
Sweet little flower it gently stoops,
My little snowdrop's dead.

I watched my little fav'rite bloom,
I watered it, and yet
I could not snatch it from its doom,
My tiny garden pet.

I love to linger near the bower
Where sweet clematis creep,
And fancy still my snowy flower
Is smiling while I weep.

The little violet hides its head,
I love its modest grace;
The daisy spangling where I tread,
I love its simple face.

But oh ! my little snowdrop far
Outshines their beauty now,
It seems to peep from yonder star
And lights my drooping brow.

While something surely whispereth—
A softer soil is given.
The gardener hath transplanted it
To fertilise in heaven.

The beauteous rose may softly blush
Beneath the hand of love
That cultivates below, but hush !
My snowdrop blooms above.

Then why should I despond or fear,
Or why should I repine ?
My precious snowdrop droopeth here,
But sweetly blooms divine.

AN ACROSTIC.

So he hath vanished, even thus abruptly vanished from our
sight,
In all the bloom of usefulness, the baronet, the knight,
Rules now no more our representative right.

Journeyeth on and on, no voice on earth is loud enough to stay
Or to reclaim the visage that more swiftly glides away.
Honour must now give place and bend before the mighty call ;
None are exempt, distinction quakes, the cottage and the stately
hall

Shareth alike, when this unflinching summons sounds its lay
In tones majestic. Hark ! the mighty monster bears the sway,
Mountains must tremble, yet methinks perchance they seem
to chide,
E'en flinging out the welcome that should bid thee come and
hide
Over their highest summit, yet away exultingly,
No power on earth can stay thine arm, oh death, or gain thy
victory.

But is there not a voice beside to soothe the deathly chill,
And whisper to our country's void of consolation still,
Raising the wond'ring brow ? Hush ! thousands now unite.
'Tis well ; he only falls asleep, and whispereth good-night.

PRINCE ALEXANDER JOHN CHARLES ALBERT.

AN ACROSTIC.

SLEEP, infant prince, bright angels guard thy rest,
Lulling thee to slumber on the pillow of the blest !
Enfolded in his tiny shroud the princely infant sleeps,
Endeared and yearning over him the royal mother weeps.
Princes must yield, she cannot stay the hand of death that
sweeps.

In mournful strains, hush ! hark ! the muffled knell
Now strikes its doleful tone, yet whispers all is well.
Far, far too pure and holy for a world of care and sin.
Arise, ye heavenly keepers, let the royal infant in.
No earthly crown is bright enough this little gem to grace,
'Tis far too sweet for time to taint or tarnish with its trace.

Peace be upon our palaces we cry,
Rise, once more rise above the deathly lethargy,
In quiet and tranquillity may calm reposing cheer,
Now once more light her brow and wipe the royal mother's
tear.
Cease ye to weep for him, thy baby now is free,
Enchanted angels fold him while they wait to welcome thee.





